



The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

Contents.

NEWS OF THE WEEK—

	PAGE
Meeting of Parliament	1130
The War	1130
Continental Notes	1132
Australia	1132
Spain	1132
Anniversary of the Polish In-	
urrection	1133
China	1136
Ireland	1138
Our Civilisation	1137
Peaks of Fortune at Bristol ..	1137

The Roman Catholic Parlia-	
mentary Leader	1137
The Patriotic Fund	1137
The Court	1137
The Bishop and the Burial	
Board	1137
Miscellaneous	1137

PUBLIC AFFAIRS—

Public Opinion	1138
The Leader Policy in Office ..	1139
The Volunteer Force	1139

Men and Horses for the Army	1140
The Bessarabian Campaign ..	1140
Sweet-lived Evans	1141

OPEN COUNCIL—

Babel	1141
-------------	------

LITERATURE—

Summary	1142
Heinrich Heine	1143
The House of Baby	1144
A Scholar's Life	1145
Some Political Books	1145

Children's Books	1144
Books on our Table	1147

THE ARTS—

High Art of a New Kind	1147
Theatres	1147

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS—

City Intelligence, Markets, Ad-	
vertisements, &c.	1148-1152

VOL. V. No. 245.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

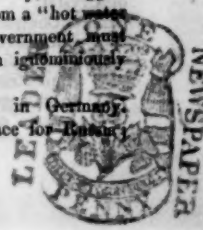
THE war-plot thickens: there is a singular alteration in the position. Russia is now the aggressive power in war, and the positive power in politics: as her ships come out from their ports in the northern sea, and as her besiegers become the besieged in the Crimea, so she gives up her negative attitude in diplomacy, and begins to propose peace. On the other hand, the relative position of the Western Powers and their peoples alter; the Governments are sinking back, and the peoples are coming forward; the Government of France, like that of England, throwing itself on public opinion and soliciting the co-operation of its legislative council—sometimes called Parliament. Again, it is not France and England which are treating with Austria and Prussia; it is Austria and Prussia which are endeavouring to modify the action of France and England. In short, the war is, in all its aspects, assuming a new shape. Events are drifting despatch France and aristocratic England into a revolutionary war out of a mere Turkish war—the Eastern question becoming the European question; and it is at such a moment that Russia, which has succeeded in keeping the Western and German Powers apart, is now seeking to divide the Western Governments from the Western Publics. These Publics will speedily have the opportunity of putting their Governments to the test. The Emperor Louis Napoleon proposed last week a campaign on the Danube: this week that project is vaguely and sceptically spoken of. Why this change of plan? Have the proposals of peace intervened? Last week the English Government was contemplating a loan; this week the Government organ, which had made the original statement, denies, "on authority," that there will be any necessity for a loan. The statement of the one day is, doubtless, that of a Minister, and the next day that of the Minister's colleague: the hesitation indicating the vacuous inanity of the cabinet councils which are now almost daily—and daily because the Government is without a master mind to dictate—to decide, and to act. Now, it is very clear that if Louis Napoleon, maintaining his feeble conception of the war, confines his efforts to the Crimea, reserving his strength for a possible Rhine campaign, he cannot be very earnest in the alliance with us against Russia. It is quite as

clear that if our Government insists—with the Parliament that is not ready with a party to succeed them, and with the press (of London), which is almost as exclusively a Governmental press as that of Vienna—that the petty pedantic and peddling finance which has hitherto prevailed during the war, must continue to the end of the war, then the intention is to limit the war—to grasp at a peace—and to delude the people. Certainly there is no immediate fear: that Ministry which did not repair the disasters of the Crimea, and maintain the national honour by actual success, and not by mere glory obtained by reckless waste of gallant life, would, in the present temper of the people, run the risk of impeachment. Troops, in great numbers, are being poured into Balaklava; and in good time we may hope to see Sebastopol taken, and the mistakes of our excellent general, in putting Sebastopol into such admirable connexion with Russian resources, rectified. But, after that, Lord Aberdeen would be impetuous for an "honourable peace;" and let us not make any mistake—Lord Aberdeen is, under existing arrangements, the governor of this country.

Kossuth in his speech at the Polish celebration on Wednesday evening, has inflicted a heavy blow on the Government. In his general argument he was illogical; but in his detailed criticism he was acute, convincing, crushing. A great strong man, speaking of the hysteric doings of little men, his genius rebuked the blunders and the crimes of the year; and though it is highly desirable that England should not be led by a foreigner, yet if the Radicals, if there be such men, hide away in insignificance and silence, the people will listen to him who *does* speak out. We venture to think that, in the main, Kossuth's speech will fasten itself in the hearts and brains of the country; and of this we are sure, that his marvellous review of the events of the year will constitute the text of most of the Parliamentary criticisms now impending—a uniform view of the Government failures being probable from all parties—from Mr. Layard and from Mr. Disraeli—from liberals of the Seymour and Blackett School—and from the conversation-statesmen of the Clanciarde class. Right or wrong, there is a strong feeling growing up against the Government—not against its statesmen—but against its administrators, a feeling of which the Whigs, who have had nothing to do with the manipulation of the war, will possibly seek to take advantage. The heroes who lie buried on the heights of the Alma, in the gorges of the Inkerman,

in the flats of Balaklava, in the cemeteries of Varna and of Scutari, appeal from their glorious graves against those weak and wicked men, who have dared to play with history, and have assumed with insolent incapacity the grand duties of a great nation's government in a European crisis—which they created by their politeness, and would control in a gentlemanly manner. The relatives of those who have fallen feel some sensations of revenge while they mourn; and earnest will be their protest in Parliament. Absolute distrust of the capacity of the Government to manage even the smallest affairs is visible in all directions; and it is with a sensation of relief we hear that the nobles have actually summoned Mr. Peto and his coadjutors to go out with their navvies to work the siege. The public look to Russian and Austrian arrangements to provide us with the bare news of the war; our Government does not hear from Constantinople under eleven or twelve days, and when it gets a despatch hasn't the hardihood to publish it—even cooked. Then the public looks to itself to provide winter comforts for the army in the Crimea; and Miss Nightingale writes to the Volunteers for lint. No one thinks of trusting to the Government. Its plans about wooden and iron houses are laughed at: its statements about ample accommodation for the sick are disbelieved. A "Crimean Fund Society" is established to organise Christmas presents to the army; and books and papers are sent gratis by the publishers. It would really seem as if this Government, so crowded with experienced men, and possessing one man, the Duke of Newcastle, young, vigorous, and capable at least of spending the unlimited national funds—there being no reserve whatever placed on expenditure—was carrying on the war with the aid of newspaper correspondents—a cabinet council being called to consider the last new project ventilated in the morning papers! Thus Mr. Nasmyth's letter about wrought iron guns excites the nation which demands to know why the cast iron system has not been done away with—or why is it not a Nasmyth, in place of a Duke of Newcastle, appointed to carry on the war? Ours is a very clever public, cautious and acute; and when a Perkins writes, with great popularity, to suggest how to take Sebastopol, dating from a "hot water apparatus manufactory," the Government must have got into a public position ignominiously ludicrous.

Secret diplomacy is rampant in Germany. Prussia undertakes to obtain peace for Italy.



Austria though, in any case, likely to the end to observe neutrality, if we permit her, is fomenting success for the King of Prussia; and meanwhile both are arming and both are getting money: Prussia by a direct loan; Austria by the mortgage of her railways for 24,000,000*l.*, to the Parisian credit mobilier. The latter transaction is to be settled on the 5th December; and the view taken in the City is, that if the negotiation be completed, the French capitalists will have obtained the conviction that Austria is safe to be, at least, not for Russia. Yet as the price of a guarantee like this may be a pledge from Louis Napoleon that he will aid in suppressing Italian, Polish, or Hungarian insurrections, England may be made a party to a dismal and disgraceful pact of despotisms. Let Parliament look to it.

There is no talk of any intention to retrieve the blunder at Petropaulousky. Why is not a force despatched to blow those forts into the air? There is, again, nothing said of the Government comprehending their duty in meeting Russian intrigues in India—all that is done being to put Major Edwardes on one side, without powers or instructions, and to plant at Teheran the Hon. Mr. Murray, without capacity or purpose.

Excepting the Kossuth meeting, and the Patriotic Fund meetings, and the letters teaching the Government its business, the week has been eventless at home. In Ireland they have some excitement. The Tenant Right champions are holding assemblies to influence elections and consolidate their Parliamentary party, while Mr. Lucas sets out for Rome, elected leader of the Catholic democracy, to entreat his Holiness to put down the Bishops.

The boroughs that are engaged in supplying the Parliamentary vacancies occasioned by death, give play to a little activity. We have to consider substitutes for Sir Michael Hicks, Mr. Beach, Lord Dudley Stuart, Mr. Geach, Sir A. Brooke, and Mr. Wyndham Gould; East Gloucestershire, Marylebone, Coventry, Bedford, and Limerick, have to consider their representation in Parliament, and on the whole, notwithstanding the deadness of ordinary political life, the inclination, thanks to the excitement of war ideas, seems to be to improve rather than degenerate in liberality. If Marylebone should fall short of Lord Dudley Stuart, it will not be for want of candidates proposed; but the electors are adopting a good practice in holding more than one caucus to elect a man to be candidate. We do not know whether the inhabitant electors have taken care to have themselves sufficiently represented at these meetings; but it is the standing practice of the country, where no man is taxed without his own consent, for six-sevenths to be deprived of a vote, and for the other seventh to be indifferent about the election, and to leave it to agents whose special business is the manufacture of Members of Parliament out of money-spenders. Sir Hamilton Seymour has been objected to as Whig; yet he has good things in his "carpet-bag," and could have enlightened the Russian debates. However, he has voted himself into private life, leaving the field to a crowd of gentlemen, among whom the naval captor of Cronstadt "next spring," is conspicuous. Will he take the fortress or his seat? (Quære.) Bedford concentrates its Liberal interest, the Russell influence included, upon a thorough-going Radical, John Trelawney, who knows more of naval matters than most Radicals, more of politics than most sailors, and will be a really useful independent member. Coventry seems to favour Sir Joseph Paxton, the gardener's boy, who has lived to be the architect of Crystal Palaces, and brings from the ducal circle of Chatsworth a hearty, enlightened, national view of present affairs, desiring a household suffrage and no centralisation at home, demanding a vigorous administration of the war, and looking forward to enlargement for European liberties out of the quarrel of kings.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

A PRIVY Council was held at Windsor on Monday, when the following Proclamation was ordered to be issued:—

Monday, November 27, 1854.

BY THE QUEEN.—A PROCLAMATION.

VICTORIA, R.

Whereas our Parliament stands prorogued to Thursday, the 14th day of December next; and whereas, for divers weighty and urgent reasons, it seems to us expedient that our said Parliament shall assemble and be held sooner than the said day, we do, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, hereby proclaim and give notice of our royal intention and pleasure that our said Parliament, notwithstanding the same now stands prorogued, as hereinbefore mentioned, to the said 14th of December next, shall assemble and be held, for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs, on Tuesday, the 12th day of December next; and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs of the House of Commons, are hereby required and commanded to give their attendance accordingly, at Westminster, on the said 12th day of December, 1854.

Given at our Court, at Windsor, this 27th day of November, in the year of Our Lord, 1854, and in the 18th year of our reign.

GOD save the QUEEN.

THE WAR.

LATEST NEWS.

Odessa, Nov. 22.
Nothing of importance had taken place before Sebastopol to the 17th. The weather is bitterly cold.

Brussels.

A despatch, attributed to Prince Menschikoff, and bearing date Sebastopol, November 18, affirms that the siege operations of the Allies had been arrested, and that on the 18th they had all but ceased.

It is also asserted, on the same authority, that twenty-five vessels of the Allies had stranded.

There is no doubt that there was a heavy storm in the Black Sea on the 16th.

The *Oesterreichische Correspondenz* contains intelligence from Constantinople of the 20th:—

"During the awful gale on the night of the 14th, the English lost 32 transports on the coast of the Crimea."

"The fine screw-steamer Prince and Sea Nymph foundered with all on board."

"Three smaller English steamers were stranded."

"Of the vessels of war, the Sanspareil was driven on shore, though she had her steam up. The Britannia had five feet water in her hold."

"The Agamemnon was driven on shore, but managed to get off; and the engines of the Sampson were seriously damaged."

"The Retribution was also stranded, but got off by throwing her guns overboard."

"The Terrible escaped without damage."

"The French line-of-battle-ship Henri Quatre and the Pluton were lost off Eupatoria, and another French steamer was dismasted."

According to news from Constantinople to the 15th:—

"The Russians continue fortifying the houses in the interior of Sebastopol; but they are likewise preparing the means of retreating into the fortifications of the north, by establishing two bridges of boats."

"A part of the troops beaten at Inkerman had arrived from Odessa in nine days in carts."

"The *Journal de Constantinople* states, that in addition to the speedy sending of 40,000 men (English and French), 10,000 Turks are to embark for the Crimea."

"Twenty-two transports have passed the Dardanelles. On the 9th the Golden Fleece took a regiment of artillery on board at Malta."

"The army of Asia is doing nothing. It had 100 deaths a day during the month of October, but its situation was improving. It was preparing for winter quarters."

"The Russian prisoners state that the two Grand Dukes, during their stay in the Crimea, recommended the Poles to have full confidence in the intentions of the Czar."

RUSSIA.

The *St. Petersburg Journal* of the 19th of November, contains an order of the Grand Duke Constantine, informing the Baltic fleet that the Emperor had been pleased to thank his dear children, the sailors of the Black Sea fleet, for the incomparable valour which they had displayed both by land and sea during the siege of Sebastopol.

The Grand Duke adds, that he hopes the Baltic fleet, when the proper moment arrives, will show itself equally deserving of such a mark of the Imperial favour.

FRANCE.

In his last address to the army, thanking the troops for the day of Inkerman, the Emperor Louis Napoleon speaks of the relief they may expect on the side of Bessarabia; and this has been taken in confirmation of the news, originating in *Galignani*, that two (or four) divisions of the French army were immediately to be sent to the Danube, to operate in conjunction with the forces of Omar Pasha. But the announcement has not yet been officially made. The Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News*, assuming the news to be true, says:—

"It is stated on respectable authority that Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers is to command the French army of the Danube. The choice is in many respects probable. He has long enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor, has a considerable military reputation, is extremely eager for active service, and, notwithstanding the drawback of a violent temper, is esteemed to have a certain ability as a diplomatist. I hear it objected that the command would be scarcely adequate to the dignity of a Marshal of France, at a moment when a young general is Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea. I cannot, however, think this objection of much weight. Although the army to be sent into the Principalities may in the first instance consist of but two divisions, it must be very speedily augmented if the war goes on."

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

The latest ordinary correspondence from the Lower Danube alludes to Omar Pasha's advance as confidently expected. It is also said that the numerous reinforcements sent by the Russian army of the Danube to that of the Crimea have sensibly weakened Prince Gortschakoff. In spite of the troops sent him from Poland and from the interior of Russia, his army which, although very superior in number, had been obliged to give way before the forces of the Sultan, is now reduced to one-half its former number. Fearing to be attacked at any moment, he is collecting together all his available forces, and has ceased completely to send reinforcements to the Crimea, notwithstanding the pressing request of Prince Menschikoff. Omar Pasha is said to have placed the whole line of the Danube in a state of defence, and the fortifications of Silistria, Giurgero, and Rassoava have been completed on the plans of Colonel Dieu. The Ottoman reserve is coming from Shumla to occupy the places of the Danube, and is replaced by recruits.

The Vienna telegraphic statement that Omar Pasha has received orders from Constantinople to suspend operations against Bessarabia is denounced by the *Constitutionnel* as "completely untrue." It is nevertheless repeated from Vienna and also from Berlin, and may not be without some warrant.

The *German Journal of Frankfurt* states that the Czar having received certain information of the intention of Omar Pasha to immediately assume the offensive, has sent orders to Prince Paskiewitch at Warsaw to send reinforcements into Bessarabia from the army of Poland. A letter from Varna, of the 10th, states that the corps of Roumelia, that of Stamboul, with the guard and the division of reserve of Ferik Pasha, amounting together to 45,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 150 pieces of artillery, with 20,000 Egyptian and Tunisian troops, had received orders to advance to the Pruth. The telegraphic report that 20,000 men have been detached from Omar Pasha's corps is of later date than the Varna news. Should the fact be established it may be explained by the impossibility of better employing that number of Ottoman troops until the two promised French divisions can co-operate in the invasion of Bessarabia.

Count Coronini had published at Bucharest a bulletin, announcing to his army the news of the battle of Inkerman. It is clear, fair, and truthful, concluding thus:—

"The conduct of the allied troops in the presence of an enemy four times at least superior to them in number has been admirable. The victory was hard won, but brilliant. We have to regret serious losses, the details of which have not arrived."

GERMANY.

The King's Speech upon the opening of the Prussian Chambers, on Thursday, contains the following passages:—

"A bloody conflict has broken out between these powerful members of the family of European States."

"Our fatherland is not yet affected; I have fresh occasion to hope that the basis of a further understanding will soon perhaps be obtained."

"Closely united with Austria and the rest of Germany, I shall continue to look upon it as my task to plead for peace, the recognition of the independence of foreign states, and moderation."

"Should I subsequently be compelled to add force to this attitude, Prussia's and my faithful people will bear their inevitable burdens with resignation, and know how to meet such eventualities."

"The army shall be made ready for war."

The Times of yesterday says:—

"We have received a despatch from our correspondent at Berlin, dated yesterday, which states that the fresh additional article agreed upon by Austria and Prussia on the 26th contains the adoption of the four points, and undertakes to procure their acceptance."

"Prussia also promises her assistance to Austria if attacked in the Principalities."

The Times of the previous day contained the following:—

"Berlin, Tuesday.

"The Russian answer to the Prussian note expresses the willingness of the Emperor to treat on the following terms:—

"First, a common guarantee by the Five Powers of the rights of the Christian subjects of the Porte, without distinction as to confession.

"Second, a common protectorate of the Principalities to be exercised by the Five Powers on the terms of the treaties now existing between Russia and the Porte.

"Third, a revision of the treaty of 1841.

"Fourth, the free navigation of the Danube."

The *Preussische Correspondenz*, whose supposed semi-official inspirations render its views noteworthy, has favoured the political world with another article on the subject of the four points, as ostensibly accepted by Russia, and with special reference to the position of the German Powers.

"The Prussian Cabinet has transmitted several times to St. Petersburg the expression of its conviction that a prompt and sincere acceptance of those propositions afforded prospects of a pacific solution.

"Can it be made a matter of reproach to us that we suppose it impossible that the four guarantees, now that they have obtained the acceptance of Russia (indications worthy of confidence prove it), should meet with simple rejection either at London or Paris, where those conditions were laid down, or at Vienna, where they were ready to support them by force of arms? Or are we to have imposed upon us a new political logic, according to which propositions have no value, excepting so long as they are not accepted? For our own part, we consider the conclusion more rational, that the Western Powers must see in the acceptance of the programme laid down by themselves a high satisfaction, and a sure guarantee for the re-establishment of peace.

"As regards the German Powers, it is evident that they could not but receive with satisfaction the acceptance on the part of the Russian Cabinet. We have a right to assume a desire in the Federal Powers to see a war terminated, which, in its course, may transfer to the German frontiers the theatre of decisive events. The position of the German Powers towards the belligerents has not been altered during the course of the summer. They have proved the moral support which they gave to the enterprises of the Western Powers in the interest of the balance of Europe, while preserving their pacific relations towards Russia, which has not hitherto failed in her promise of maintaining an attitude purely defensive. We are therefore entitled to suppose that all the German Powers will see in the acceptance of the programme of August by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg a visible basis for the re-establishment of peace."

In preparation of the worst, Prussia is raising a loan. The 'Seehandlung' has issued the prospectus of a new state loan of 15,000,000 thalers at 3½, repayable within forty years, and to be issued at par."

RUSSIAN ENCROACHMENTS STILL FURTHER EAST.

The following is from the *Times*' correspondent at Bombay:—

"The report I mentioned in my last, that the King of Kokan had sent to request British aid against the Russians, is repeated. The Ameer has heard from his correspondents at Peshawar that before the departure of the Commissioner for Peshawar, an Ambassador from the King of Kokan arrived at that place. Whether rightly or wrongly, this Ambassador gave himself out to be a 'Shahzadah Soltan,' son of the Shahzadah Solaiman of Shahzaman's family. He is escorted by about 20 horse, and on his arrival was met on the road by the Chota Sahib of Peshawar, and entertained daily at the cost of the British Government, and lodged in the house of Lutchnunpersaud, ex-officer under the Sikhs. He has presented the Commissioner with a horse and rich trappings. His object is to induce the British Government to interfere and, either by negotiation or force, save the dominions of the King of Kokan from subjugation by the Russians. He asks for a supply of arms, and says that his kind treatment of the British Envoy—possibly Arthur Conolly (?)—in former days gives him a claim to English friendship. The Kokan Chief wished to go to Murree to see the Chief Commissioner, but was told that he would be sent for if wanted.

"The reports that have been forwarded to England during the last two years regarding the equipment, departure, and constant progress of the Russian expedition to the Oxus and Jaxartes, have not, I think, received from the English press the attention which their consequences and the general agreement of reports arriving through such various and independent channels

as Scinde, Peshawar, Persia, and Cashmere, might have fairly warranted; and now, when the presence of a Russian force in Kokan is a fact as certainly ascertained as that of the Austrians in Wallachia, everybody appears to wonder how they could have got there so quietly. Yet there is really nothing wonderful in the matter at all; on reference to your files of the last two years you will find reports of the progress of the expedition in every stage. I think it was about two years ago since the first reports were published on the subject; they were given on the authority of letters from an officer in the Russian service, and stated that an expedition against Central Asia, on a most extensive scale, was being equipped on the shores of the Caspian. It must be remembered that these preparations were effected, and the expedition started, before the Turkish difficulties had arisen and when the Czar's finances were in a very flourishing state. Orenburg is the head-quarters of a division of the Russian regular army. Few regular troops would, however, have been employed or required on such an expedition—the Russians understand the value of irregular or 'provincial corps' as well as we do in India, and they possess such corps on all their frontiers; a force of this sort admits of being readily and rapidly augmented on a frontier where every other man is a Dugald Dalgetty; the irregular corps raised on this principle on the Punjab frontier are considered the most effective portion of the native army, though provided with only two or three European officers a piece, and they were raised in a few months. It is evident that by similar means a Russian expedition to the Oxus might have been readily organized, without occasioning any inconvenient demand on the strength of the regular army, and it must be remembered that the protection and monopoly of the trade of Central Asia and Western China would well pay the expenses of such an expedition."

EXTENSIVE AUGMENTATION OF THE FORCES.

The contemplated augmentation of the army, which is expected to take place immediately after the assembling of Parliament, will, it is stated, embrace the whole of the infantry regiments of the line. The manner in which the increase is to be effected is stated to be as follows, viz.:—The regiments of infantry serving in the East, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian islands, will have additional battalions of 800 rank and file respectively, to be termed 2nd or 3rd battalions, as in the case of the 1st Royal and Rifle Brigade; those regiments in the colonies and East Indies to have each a reserve battalion of 500 bayonets, and the regiments on home service to be placed, as regards their numerical strength, on the war establishment. The regiments to have additional battalions of 800 men are the 1st Royals, 3rd Buffs, 4th Regiment of Foot, 7th Fusiliers, 9th Foot, 13th ditto, 14th ditto, 17th ditto, 18th Royal Irish, 19th Foot, 20th ditto, 21st ditto, 23rd Fusiliers, 28th Foot, 30th ditto, 31st ditto, 33rd ditto, 34th ditto, 38th ditto, 41st ditto, 42nd Highlanders, 44th Foot, 46th ditto, 47th ditto, 48th ditto, 49th ditto, 50th ditto, 55th ditto, 62nd ditto, 63rd ditto, 68th Light Infantry, 71st Highland Light Infantry, 72nd Highlanders, 77th Foot, 79th ditto, 88th Connaught Rangers, 89th Foot, 90th ditto, 92nd ditto, 93rd Highlanders, 95th Foot, 97th ditto, and the Rifle Brigade. The remaining regiments will be augmented as stated above. An additional battalion of Royal Artillery and eight companies of Royal Marines are also to be raised.—*Times*.

RETURN OF ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Admiral Dundas's three years' term of service as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean will terminate in the course of next month, when, we believe, it is probable that the gallant admiral will return to England. We have reason to believe it was Admiral Dundas's desire, on assuming the command, not to retain it beyond the usual period; and as, owing to the Russian tactics, there is at present really no active warfare so far as the naval forces are concerned, he means to fulfil his intention of resigning the Command-in-Chief.—*Globe*.

INCIDENTS.

MORE INDIGNATION ABOUT ODESSA.—"A true Briton," corresponding with the *Times*, urges that Odessa is the head-quarters of troops and supplies for the Crimea; that its wealthy inhabitants supply donations very valuable to our foes; that we cannot afford to be courteous, and that we are not acting humanely to our own army. 8,000,000, or 10,000,000, worth of Russian ways and means might have been destroyed, and we only chipped bits from the faces of the forts.

REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS.—We read in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, that for the last few days agents had been engaged buying up at the butchers' stalls all the sheepskins on sale, having a contract to deliver in as short a period as possible 80,000 prepared skins for the use of the French army in the East.

REVOLVERS AT LEWES.—A *Times* correspondent

complains, sensibly enough, that whilst our forces are suffering dreadful hardships, the Russian prisoners have had their wives brought over to live with them, and are receiving large sums from noblemen and gentlemen to purchase luxuries. They are also selling the toys they manufacture at large prices. We read also that an officer on parole purchased a Colt's revolver, and a dozen more were soon ordered. The gunsmith was loyal; he took "an opinion," which made the affair known, and the officer was promptly deprived of his purchased Colt.

POPULARITY OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.—A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Paris, gives cheering intelligence of French enthusiasm for British valour. He gives the following anecdotes:—

"I was purchasing a cigar a day or two since in a shop on the Boulevards, when a cabman came in to buy tobacco. 'Is it true,' said he, addressing a Frenchman, 'that 8000 Englishmen kept the field against 45,000 Russians until Bosquet came up, and that in company with our soldiers they charged the enemy and killed 9000?' 'Yes.' 'Then, although I have always hated the English, and thought them false and perfidious, if an Englishman were now to fall into the Seine, I would jump after and try to save him, though I can't swim a stroke. Here are heroes; why the Old Guard could never have done more; and to think they are Englishmen, whom I have been hating all my life! But it is never too late to learn.'—"Several English officers, wounded at the Alma, lately passed through Paris, and ventured in undress uniform (their only clothes) into the Tuileries gardens. With shattered bodies and tarnished embroidery they looked as became men who had been fighting for their country. The people pressed round them in all directions, and gave most hearty signs of their sympathy, desiring to shake them by their undamaged hand, for most of them had one arm in a sling. 'Voilà des Anglais, des blessés de l'Alma,' was heard in all directions, mingled with words of good-fellowship from the men, and of pity from the softer sex. One old man, more practical than the rest, judging from the condition of their uniforms and their honourable scars that they must want money, offered to supply them with anything they required, and was quite grieved that they had no occasion to avail themselves of his generosity."—"The *Charivari* contains a picture of a Highlander standing sentinel at his post with a precipice and the sea immediately at his back. A French soldier and a Tartar peasant regard him from below. 'What folly,' says the Tartar, 'to place a sentry in such a position.' 'There's no danger,' replies the Chasseur, 'ces soldats-là ne reculent jamais.' And this in the *Charivari*, written by some of the most consistent Republicans in France, and so long bitter against England and all connected with her! The gallant stand made by 'that astonishing infantry' has received a full meed of justice at their hands, and over and over again I have been met with the remark, 'How proud you should be to be their countryman?' to which I have replied, 'Yes, as you to be the countryman of those who so nobly flew to their assistance.' 'How cowardly in the Russians,' say many; 'they always attack the English force, knowing it is the weakest. However, we should not regret it, as it has shown us of what stuff your army is composed, and how implicitly we can rely upon it.' A veil seems to have passed from their eyes, and the jaundiced hue with which they regarded England and her institutions has been changed to *coulour de rose*."

PATRIOTISM AT CORK.—Thomas Mason Jones has been expelled from the Cork Chamber of Commerce for having expressed a wish that the Russians would be successful in the Crimea. He was not kicked!

THROWING SHELLS FIVE MILES.—This has not been done, but Mr. A. M. Perkins, son of the inventor of the steam-gun, says in a letter to the *Times*, "That he is prepared to supply the Government with steam-guns, which would throw shells of a ton weight, five miles. He thinks such a gun in Brunel's 10,000 ton ship, would destroy Sebastopol without the loss of a man." What are the representatives of Captain Warner about?

THE WOUNDED OF INKERMANN.—The wounded have arrived at Constantinople and Scutari. They number 3000 in the two hospitals. There is much suffering, but no complaints. Miss Nightingale and her attendants prove most valuable. There is some talk of turning the palace of the Russian Embassy into an hospital, for they are quite crowded at present.

COATS IN THE CRIMEA.—It is not for the officers only, as stated, that his Royal Highness Prince Albert has ordered winter clothing, but we understand that the Prince has given instructions to provide, at his expense, sealskin coats for his own regiment, the Grenadier Guards, serving in the Crimea.

THE SON OF "THE TRAITOR."—The *Times* correspondent in the Crimea says:—"I hear that Captain Peel, of the Diamond, left his 'blue jackets' on the 5th, and went right in among the thickest of the fight, where he joined the red-coats, and slashed away with his regulation sword, wherever the *acile* was fiercest."

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

ARREST.—"AN ILL WIND," &c.—We learn from *Galigiani* that at Brussels a man has been arrested under curious circumstances. He told a cab-driver that he was a Spaniard, who had lost his papers, and wished to be concealed for two or three days. They had some beer, and then met "Isabella," who kindly consented to give the Spaniard a refuge. Afterwards the cab-driver was frightened, and went to the police, who arrested the Spaniard. After he departed Isabella was fortunate enough to find a leather belt containing 5000 fr. in gold.

RESULTS OF PATRIOTISM.—M. Sobrier, one of the most eccentric of the celebrities of 1848, and who, at the head of his famous Republican club of the Rue Rivoli, exercised for a time a considerable amount of pressure upon the provisional government, died two or three days since in a madhouse. He was, it may be remembered, sentenced to transportation by the High Court of Bourges for his part in the affair of May 15, and was lately pardoned by the Emperor.

FRENCH OPINION OF MISSIONARIES.—Some time since, the Bishop of Algiers, thinking the Church rather strong in the land, suggested Missionaries to Algeria. The heads of the military and civil offices were consulted, who were decidedly against the motion. Recently the attack has been recommenced through the Pope and has met with the same results. It was stipulated when Algiers was conquered by the French that Islamism should be respected, and already several rebellions have occurred through giving the missionary his way. At present, when Turkey is as an ally, France is not prepared to frighten the Sultan.

MORMONITE ERROR.—Some time since the King of Prussia obtained all the Mormon books from England and the States. The brethren heard of this mark of condescension and resolved on sending a deputation to Berlin. The deputation was received, with every mark of attention, by a detachment of soldiers, and the police ordered them to leave Berlin in twenty-four hours.

THE REVIEW IN PARIS.—The grand review on Monday was favoured by the weather, which, although cold and threatening, was finer than it has been for some days. The regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery constituting the new Imperial Guard were drawn up in the avenues of the Tuilleries garden and the Champs Elysées. There were at least 10,000 or 12,000 of these picked troops under arms, and a finer body of soldiers was never seen. The variety, novelty, and richness of the uniforms, the show of strength and activity in the men, and their healthy, cheerful aspect, excited universal admiration. In the Place du Carrousel, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor from St. Cloud, that *corps d'élite par excellence*, that "cream of the cream," the Cent Gardes, appeared for the first time on horseback. They came nearer to our Royal Horse Guards (Blue) than anything I have seen. The Emperor and Empress arrived in a travelling carriage at a quarter to one. They were received by Marshal Magnan, the Minister at War, Marshal Vaillant, and most of the generals on the active list present in Paris. As the Imperial cortege drove into the court of the Tuilleries the sound of martial music threw the Cent Gardes into confusion. Several of the horses reared and kicked, and one gigantic trooper measured his length upon the earth. At a minute before one (the appointed time) the Emperor, mounted on horseback, and followed by a brilliant staff and the Cent Gardes, sallied forth from the front door of the Tuilleries into the gardens, and rode slowly along the lines. His reception was the warmest I have ever seen. Not only the troops, but many of the public shouted "Vive l'Empereur" with every appearance of genuine enthusiasm. One English officer in uniform rode with the staff. After passing along the lines into the Champs Elysées, and inspecting the troops there, the Emperor returned to the front of the Palace to see the filing past. In the balcony, decorated for the occasion with crimson velvet, the Empress took her seat, attended by the ladies of the court. Marshal Prince Jerome in full uniform was behind her chair, and close to him Lord Palmerston, to whom the Empress turned round to speak very frequently during the review.—*Daily News Correspondent.*

DENMARK.—The *Morning Chronicle* correspondent at Copenhagen mentions the arrest of Harro Harring, by birth a North-frisian, but for many years an American citizen. He was there for the purpose of establishing a new steam-packet company. Harro Harring arrived here accordingly on Wednesday, and was immediately transported as a criminal to the police-office, although his papers were in perfect order. The American Minister here, Mr. Bedinger, promptly interfered, and the Police-master (Brøstrup) allowed him to lodge at the Hotel d'Angleterre. Harring had then an interview with the Foreign Minister (Bluhme), which lasted half an hour. The result was that he was compelled to leave Copenhagen instantly, and took his departure by the steamer Schleswig, to return to London, via Kiel and Hamburg. You may think this incredible and inexplicable, but it is true, and quite natural. Harro Harring took part in the Polish rising of 1830. This is sufficient. There-

fore was he expelled from Norway some years back by the Russian Oscar, and therefore is he now driven from Danish ground by the Russian Bluhme. Russian reclamations have insisted on this step, and Bluhme has obeyed. So much for law and freedom under the present Ministry! Mr. Bedinger will probably not let the matter end here.

AUSTRALIA.

The *Times* published on Wednesday a long letter from their Correspondent at Sydney, from which we take the following important and interesting information.

The yield of gold had been fully up to, occasionally above, the average, and a nugget of 98lbs. had been recently obtained. The statement that Sir W. Denison was to succeed Sir C. Fitzroy gave much dissatisfaction, as he had gone against the popular opinion in contending for the continued importation of felons.

The quiet current of local politics has been broken by a movement in the Council amounting at once to a resolution for stopping the supplies and an impeachment of "the Ministry." This measure has been provoked by the apathy, carelessness, and general incapacity of the members of the Executive Government.

The following resolutions have been framed:—

1. That the Government of the colony, as at present administered, does not possess the confidence of this House.

2. That this Council resolves to postpone the consideration of the estimates for the year 1855, until it is assured that the public expenditure will be made under a Government formed upon the principle of Ministerial responsibility.

3. That an address be presented to his Excellency the Governor-General, transmitting the foregoing resolutions, and respectfully requesting that his Excellency will be pleased to take them into his favourable consideration.

The censure is confined to the officials connected with the administrative departments of the Government. Mr. Cowper made a special exemption in favour of the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General. The other officers he accused of want of zeal, want of knowledge, want of industry, and want of good manners, the last always telling for something in the management of all bodies of men, from parish vestries to imperial senates; but the chief special charges sprang from the management of the expenditure of the province. The Executive does appear to be falling into a system of extravagance that no revenue so liable to fluctuations can justify. The supplementary estimates for the present year amount to 185,000*l.* over and above the ordinary expenses. It is more than the whole expenditure amounted to a few years ago, and it is not accounted for either by any sudden increase of the population or by the outlay on public works and roads. There is a strong feeling out of doors against the mismanagement that must exist somewhere, and it is expressed even in quarters once favourably disposed to the official system generally. The *Sydney Herald*, for instance, describes the position of the Executive at present as one "of jarring incoherence, of helpless decrepitude, and of imbecility little short of mental aberration."

Respecting the Mint, which may be considered established—

A large expense had been incurred and engagements made on the former vote of the legislative body; and there was a general feeling that the experiment must be made, though, with its present knowledge of how the production and exportation of gold have worked, the Council would certainly not petition for a Mint now. It was alleged that the petition had only been granted under a condition that rendered the privilege valueless. It was expected that the Australian sovereigns would be imperial coin, whereas they are to bear a distinctive stamp, though they will be of the exact weight and value as the gold coinage of England. The distinction is considered fatal; the gold coined in the colony will be exported and received at home as bullion only; it will not be a legal tender either in England or any of the British possessions; it is doubtful whether it would pass current in the neighbouring Australian province of Victoria. Why go to the expense, it was asked, of striking coin that beyond the boundary of New South Wales will be but so much gold? The metal as it is dug up suffices for every purpose of commerce; its value is perfectly well known. In fact, gold commands a higher price here than it does in London, and more than a Mint would impart to it—at least nominally. Other and minor objections were not wanting. The expense of the establishment will be out of all proportion to the population of the colony; it will be at least 12,000*l.* a year for less than 250,000 inhabitants, while it is said the Mint of the United States supplies the coinage of 26,000,000 of population for 30,000*l.* per annum.

The Council, on the motion of Dr. Lang, has discussed the question of erecting the Moreton-bay district of New South Wales into a separate province, to which it is proposed to give the name of Cookland.

The motion was negatived on the ground that

Moreton Bay did not suffer much inconvenience, and could not, from its small size, afford a separate Government.

Interneine warfare appears to be rife between the different administrations:—

Many acts may receive the sanction of the Crown, as containing nothing objectionable as far as the authority or interests of the mother-country are concerned, which may cause the most mischievous confusion in the relation of the provinces to each other. Thus the several tariffs of Customs' duties are becoming yearly more different; the import duties of Victoria already differ so much from those of New South Wales, that on the frontier between these provinces on the River Murray they have rival customhouses, between which the settlers are as methodically harassed and impeded in their trade as if the two colonies were foreign States. If a new province were created at Moreton Bay, its tariff would probably differ from both those above-mentioned, and more customhouses would be required on another inland frontier. Victoria has just passed an absurd postage act, differing from the system of all the other provinces, and that of England also, making any arrangement of a general system of postal communication with Europe for this continent almost impossible, and throwing the correspondence between the two provinces themselves into the greatest confusion. Any of the other Councils have it in their power to add to the mischief by some blunder of the same kind. In granting the Mint to New South Wales, it appears to have been left doubtful whether the gold coined in it will be current in either of the other three provinces, and it is by no means impossible they may each at some future time petition for a Mint of their own, though one well-appointed establishment could with ease issue more coin yearly than the whole continent will require for its annual supply for the next two centuries. There is a University at Sydney, with an able staff of professors and an endowment of 5000*l.* a-year, which the Government, with much good nature, pays for finishing the education of 15 young gentlemen; as there is no public or preparatory school to feed the University, it is all but useless; one educational establishment of this kind would more than meet the requirements of the whole of the provinces for several generations, yet another is being founded in Melbourne, with a second endowment and another body of professors, and an equal certainty of failure in its chief object, from the same cause. The two provinces might have given some value to one establishment, had any power directed the respective Governments in a united action; but two Universities for a population less than that of a small English county, where there is not a single public or high school to give the previous education required to "graduate" with any advantage, is a deplorable error. Even pursuits common to both provinces are governed by different systems, though the nature of the case required that one principle should be observed. The tendency to legislate without regard to the general effect of their policy, or in a spirit of provincial rivalry, is rapidly increasing, and the establishment of some authority, federal in effect, if not in name, will soon become absolutely necessary.

VICTORIA.—The *Melbourne Argus*, of September 25, thus notices a reaction in the labour market:—

"There is at present for working men, who persist in remaining in Melbourne, a decided want of employment—itsself a calamity—and an indication of embarrassment on the part of those who have been the usual employers of labour." This want of employment the *Argus* accounts for by the difficulties of acquiring land, over-exportation to the colony from the United Kingdom, and to some extent to the conduct of "the working men themselves who, attracted by the high rate of wages, have lingered in the town, and refused to diffuse themselves over the country; and now that the scale of wages is declining refuse to work for lower rates. They prefer to remain idle, to expend the produce of previous industry, and to defer still further the commencement of those public and private works which only the high price of labour, in addition to a diminution of available capital, has delayed."

SPAIN.

ESPARTERO has persisted in his resignation, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Queen and the demand of the country. The new Ministry is not yet named. The Madrid correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"Some of the journals already give lists of the future Espartero Cabinet as it will probably be constituted, according to them; but they are not only premature, but without any good foundation. It appears that Senor Olazaga prefers the Paris embassy to the Foreign-office, which Don Antonio Gonzalez, now Spanish envoy in London, may be called to fill. He held the same post before, during Espartero's regency. Senor Calatrava may also again hold office under Espartero as Finance Minister. General Gurria is spoken of as Minister of War, and Don Juan Bautista Alonzo as the future Minister of Grace and Justice."

Meanwhile the bureau of the Assembly has been constituted. Espartero has got the Presidency; O'Donnell and Dulce are Vice-Presidents.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

A public meeting was held on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, to celebrate the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Polish Insurrection of 1830. The large room was filled in every part by an audience of a considerable number of whom were foreigners. The chair was taken by Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P., and amongst those upon the platform, and who were announced to address the meeting, were M. L. Kossuth, and Professor Newman. When the Chairman rose to open the meeting, there commenced a scene of confusion which lasted for between ten minutes and a quarter of an hour. This was caused by the attempt of a large number of persons who were outside the doors to obtain admission into the body of the hall. At last the doors, which had been closed, gave way, and the persons from without rushed into the room, driving forward those who had previously occupied the body of the hall into the reserved seats. Many persons were slightly crushed against the benches, but no serious injury was sustained by any one. After the restoration of order, which was only effected after the interference of M. Kossuth, who threatened that "if the tempest did not cease he would bid the meeting good-by and go home,"

The Chairman proposed for the acceptance of the meeting a programme which had been prepared by the committee, and it was unanimously adopted. In accordance with this programme, the chairman then addressed the meeting as follows:—*"Gentlemen—My gratification in taking part in your meeting at this important crisis is clouded by the remembrance that death has deprived us of the countenance of one who has always taken a leading part towards the restoration of Poland, and who deservedly enjoyed the confidence of his own countrymen. His life was shortened by his exertions in the cause, and in him Poland has lost an earnest advocate, liberty one of her best and truest champions, and each of us a friend. Ever prompt to relieve suffering humanity in whatever form it appeared, his zeal was so tempered by gentleness as to disarm even his political opponents. If the spirits of immortals can mingle with the affairs of mortals, his will aid our efforts: his example is at least worthy of all imitation. Before entering on the business of the evening it is necessary I should know your wishes as to the manner in which you desire it to be conducted. A programme has been furnished me by the committee, with the names of the several speakers. It will avoid confusion if this programme be followed. I will, therefore, ask you to agree to that course. Louis Kossuth will be the last speaker on that list, and, if it be desirable, other business may then follow. One of our greatest poets has said, 'Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just,' and, at least now here, will question the justice of the objects we are met to promote. If this be so, we can well afford that the moderation of our language shall comport with the dignity of those objects. I believe the time is at hand when the friends of freedom may prove their sincerity by showing that they seek not the interests of a section, but the will of the whole people. Our efforts should be directed in unity and sincerity to give Poland the opportunity of selecting her own future. It is not my province as a chairman to declaim against the perfidy which enslaved the Polish people, nor upon the ingratitude which so basely betrayed the Hungarian nation; neither would I venture to eulogise the heroic efforts such has made to regain their independence. Others will better portray the miseries of the past—I will merely express the earnest hope for a brighter future. But I cannot forbear to say that I feel shame and remorse that England, enjoying the blessings of true liberty and constitutional government, should have suffered without an effort the happiness of millions of their fellow-men to be sacrificed to the insane ambition and thirst of conquest of men whom we designate as allies. I am persuaded I speak the sentiments of the great body of the English people when I say they look upon these acts of tyranny with abhorrence, and are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices for the independence of both Poland and Hungary. I am no advocate for war, unless it be just and necessary. I believe it is so now. I know that war must increase our burdens, diminish our commerce, and restrict our national industry; but I also know that there are higher aims and aspirations than any which can arise out of mere monetary considerations. I believe that national interests and national honour are involved in the struggle. It is no simply a question between Russia and Turkey, neither is it one to be settled by diplomacy, but between aggression or non-aggression, between despotism and freedom. I cannot forget that Russia and her allies have been the means of enslaving Italy, of subjugating Hungary, of blotting Poland from the map of nations, and would now make Turkey the means of introducing her barbarous hordes to western Europe. What her course would be were she mistress of Con-*

stantinople will best be gathered from the unscrupulous policy she has hitherto pursued. Of our alliance with Austria I will not here trust myself to speak. I shall be glad to find it does not end in disaster and disgrace. Apart from the justice of the objects to be attained, I am fully persuaded that it is the interest of France and England to make common cause for Polish independence. I believe it to be the will and wish of the people of this country. The sooner we direct our efforts to the real issue the sooner shall we be able to check this game of aggression and tyranny, and ensure a permanent and honourable peace."

Mr. Peter Alfred Taylor, so well known in connexion with the Society of the Friends of Italy, made an excellent speech, which, in spite of the natural impatience to hear Kossuth, was earnestly listened to, and greatly cheered:

In accordance with the programme read by the chairman, and accepted by this magnificent assembly, it has been determined that a resolution should now be presented for your acceptance, pledging this meeting, and especially the English portion of it, to a recognition of the circumstances and duties described and involved in the address from the Polish committee which has just been read to you. I have been desired to submit this resolution to you, and with your permission I will proceed to do so with a few preliminary observations. Although this is far from the first time on which I have had the honour to assist at these commemorations of Poland's last grand struggle for her freedom, at these sacred commemorations I will call them—for are they not sacred these meetings held over a nation's tomb?—I am not clear in my memory whether it is according to our precedents so far to anglicise them as to have an English resolution proposed by an Englishman; but I think you will feel with me that there are specialities in the circumstances under which we meet this year amply justifying us in adopting such a course, even though it be not in accordance with our previous custom. Hitherto in these commemorative meetings we have been compelled to dwell rather on the past than on the future. It is true that in raking together, if I may use the expression, the almost-expiring embers, we have not been without a hope that we were preserving that sacred fire which hereafter should burn with renewed intensity, but these hopes have assumed no practical form; they have been cherished as an ideal in the hearts of those who hold a firm faith in the final triumph of right and justice. But, sir, to-day all this is changed. It is to the future that every eye is turned. The restoration of Poland is no longer only a bright but distant dream—no longer only a claim founded upon sympathy with the oppressed and love of freedom in the abstract; it is now demanded by the policy of England, and for the safety and peace of Europe; it is no longer the cheap offer on our side of a barren sympathy—out of our need we call for Poland's right. We demand the help and alliance of the Polish nation in return for the recognition we are bound to make of her power to render it. Yes, Poland's enemy is ours, and that enmity is no longer restricted to diplomatic notes and word-protests, but on the tented field, the West and the East, the onward and the retrograde, Freedom and the Cossack have to fight their giant's fight. We demand the restoration of Poland because we are at war with Russia, and Poland is Russia's weakest point. Look at the map of Europe, place your finger over Warsaw, there is the ulcer of Russia's strength. Russia knows this well, for it is there she concentrates her hordes whenever war threatens her frontiers. We demand, then, the restoration of Poland on a principle of military strategy plain enough for the merest civilian to comprehend. We demand the restoration of Poland, because there, on the centre of the war, are a nation of warriors—a population of twenty millions burning with a noble ardour to unseat once more their country's sword. There on the spot are a nation of recruits; and we have no spare thousands to send to the aid of our armies in the East. We demand the restoration of Poland, because in that fact we find the solution of difficulties in the future not otherwise resolvable; as, when the Crimea falls—if fall it do—in whose hands will it be safe from Russia? How are the Principalities to be supported in their independence, when attained? How Serbia and the other states? Poland once free, no further question need arise; merely her life would kill these giant doubts. Lastly, and as of old, we demand the restoration of Poland—for as there is a God in heaven, there should be justice upon earth—we demand the restoration of Poland as Englishmen and for Europe. We meet here as Englishmen and not as men of any class, sect, party, or opinion. We are not here as democrats or Tories, Radicals, or Socialists. We are here, I say again, as Englishmen. I glory in thinking that thinking England is true to herself—that there is no Tory, however exalted, who would desire to see his countrymen reduced to the dead level of Russian serfdom—no republican so red that he would hesitate to put his hand to the plough, careless almost whether the harvest of independence should assume the phase of republic or of monarchy. I know not what proportion of the crowds around me may be Tories in opinion, but this I know, that whether we look to the daily press, to the monthly or quarterly reviews, or to the published speeches of the Tory party, we find sentiments the most noble, language the most outspoken, on the question of Poland, just there where on home politics there would probably be least accordance with the views of most of us. And again, who thinks of class or of opinion in reading of the gallant exploits of our countrymen in the Crimea? When we read of deeds so noble that the very thought of them makes the heart beat quicker and the nerves thrill with admiration; deeds unsurpassed in any cause, in any country, or in any age. When one reads of some act of heroic daring, who recks whether aristocrat or plebeian was the hero? Who asks whether he sprang from the old Norman chivalry or from the stout blood of the Saxon churl? No, England glories in and venerates those grand exploits of our noble countrymen—England gives her tears for those that fall, and England should swear that,

so far as in her power lies, that noble blood shall not be shed in vain. But where then, it may be asked, lies our difficulty? If all is really so plain—if these are England's sentiments—if England be at war with Russia, how can she hesitate to strike her best at Russia's heart? Why, Russia is not the only foe that England has to reckon on; between Poland and her restoration, as between Hungary and her independence, and between Italy and her unity and freedom, there stands a treacherous serpent dynasty, for Austria holds her portion of the Polish spoil—Galicia. That serpent dynasty that would be against us if it dared, for it fears and hates western civilisation and progress; that, failing this, would be with us if it dared encounter the anger of its brother and master, the Czar of Cossackdom; and that failing both, subsides into that middle course so well befitting its traditions of treachery and falsehood—a false and hollow neutrality, in which, promising much on both sides, it does nothing openly for either, but secretly does all it can and dares to aid, assist, and strengthen the power of Russia—to thwart, delay, and injure ours. And through whom but Austria is it that the noblest of England are being oppressed and murdered at Sebastopol by the hordes of Russian savages? Yes, she has done more evil to our cause than, perhaps, she could have been of service, had she honestly so desired. Through Austrian intrigue it is that able captains are refused to Turkish troops—through Austrian influence that Poland's aid is lost—through Austrian treachery that Omer Pasha is stopped from making a diversion in Bessarabia—and under a thin guise of Austrian neutrality it has been that she occupies the wretched Principalities, and stands a bulwark between the conquering Turk and the discomfited Russian. And why is this? Whence this hideous infatuation? It is the accursed phantom of an Austrian alliance. People are taught to fear the power of Austria, and to say, "We have surely enough to do in fighting Russia, would you bring another mighty power on our flank?" The power of Austria! Her power lies in our weakness, in our fears. Austria strong! Yes, as strong as a house built of cards when the north wind blows—as strong as those walls of old which looked firm and everlasting to the spectator, but which fell flat upon the earth before the blast of a trumpet. Let that trumpet sound—methinks I hear its first faint echoes now—the trumpet that tells of awakened sense of right and love of justice in the British nation—and the walls of Austria shall lie as low as those of Jericho of old. Austria has a great army, truly—half a million strong, they say—and where does that army come from? From Hungary, from Italy, from Bohemia—composed of men who have many of them already fought for freedom; of men who loathe the livery they wear; who would doubtless at the bidding of their masters draw the sword, poise the lance, and prime the cannon, but who might perchance turn them in a direction not looked for by the Power that gave the word. As a matter of policy I denounce the Austrian alliance. But I must go one step beyond this estimate of probabilities—I believe there are crises in the affairs of nations—moments when the fall of empires seems to tremble on a thread—when the moral atmosphere seems surcharged with as it were electric fluid, and when thought flashes like the electric spark from train to train, from nation to nation. I think the page of history records such times—I believe this now is one of them—when these close calculations of policy must give way to the inspiration of a noble impulse—when in such critical examinations are found not strength but weakness. I believe that now this hesitating inquiry as to what this Emperor or King will think or say—how that old diplomat will wag his head, or how the result of the ominous conjunction of this cabal with that committee will affect our position—these, such-like littlenesses, I take to be the evidence and cause of weakness, not of power. Oh, that for this time we could get rid of the wily diplomatist and get a man to lead us—a Milton or a Cromwell, say—a man who, with no childish haste, but in slow and terrible deliberation, should unsheathe England's sword—should throw her glorious banner to the winds—and, in few stern words, should tell her cause—Justice to men, Freedom to Europe. I do believe—poetry and sentiment apart, for they are out of my line—I do believe that man might plant that flag victorious against a world in arms. You have heard a letter read from General Thompson—noble old man—gallant old colonel—for as Colonel Thompson, waiting so long for his promotion, he is best known to us—there is not, I think, a man in the country I honour as I do that gallant veteran; and, by the way, were I an elector of Marylebone, I should know to whom to give my vote. They have lost one noble man, can they not see where they might find another? But, as I was going to say, you have heard his letter read, in which he states quite plainly that he deems there is treason in the camp, or rather in the Ministry; a deliberate sacrificing of England's interests, to which the only proper answer is *impeachment*. It were useless to endeavour to conceal that this is an opinion strengthening day by day, and week by week. Those who repudiated it at first with scorn, do so less firmly now or not at all. For myself, I will say, I do not believe in treachery. I shrink from the idea that Englishmen and statesmen could so far forget the traditions of their country, or all sense of honour, as to betray voluntarily the interests of our country; but I cannot conceal from you that I think the immediate future must test their honesty. They have made mistakes—great, terrible mistakes; mistakes hardly to be forgiven. What business had we at Sebastopol. Poland should have been the mark; struck at the heart the blood could not have flowed to the Crimean extremity; the tree would have been girdled, and Sebastopol have fallen like a rotten pear from a dead branch. Or grant that step, what shall excuse our allowing Austrian diversion to favour Russian concentration? Still to the future let us look. One would rather—oh, how much rather—that our Government had been misled by old traditions of diplomacy—by the taint of worn-out political systems—by the fear how far popular opinion would back them in a bolder course—by anything rather than by treachery. But the time for hesitation or excuse has passed; by their present action they are judged. Our armies have failed before Sebastopol; the siege seems well nigh

stopped, and safety for our troops in winter quarters is now the most they seek. What name but traitor shall be his who leaves these troops to perish? They may have thought Sebastopol would fall by a coup de main, and that Russia would be terrified into a peace, without appealing to the people in the cause of freedom which our rulers fear. But ever all that is past; we are at bay. Who but a traitor hesitates to strike at Russia's heart. I believe but little time will now elapse before the people see no third alternative between the recognition of Poland or impeachment of the Ministry. I warn them of that time. I have said, and in all sincerity, I do not believe in treachery—but I warn them of that terrible moment when England shall see cause to fear that her treasures are squandered, and worse, far worse, her best blood wasted—I warn them against that dread moment, when fathers, mothers, wives, and children shall be taught that their noble dead are not, as they fondly deemed, martyrs in their country's cause, sacrifices to the freedom of the world, but victims sacrificed by a treacherous Government upon the shrine of a coward and vicious diplomacy. If that time should come—I trust to God my hopes, that it never can, are warranted—I would not give much for the heads of the suspect; at any rate, they would be swept from the arena of English politics as by a whirlwind blast of scorn, and less their page in history, or only dwell in that blackest page where the traitor's name is found. No, no, this cannot be; but may they learn from this meeting, and from others such—for these commemorations are being held this day not here alone, but at Newcastle, Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and elsewhere—let our Government learn from them that they cannot strike too high a key-note for the patriotism and enthusiasm of their countrymen—that they may aim, ay, at the very summit of national honour and national right, and to a man we will follow them.

Professor F. W. Newman seconded the motion, and laid down the principle, amid much cheering, that England ought to regard nations as their best friends, and not princes. He further stated that England might have America on her side if our Government would not proscribe her form of government in Europe. If we did not, there was a chance of the Emperor of Russia getting ships of war from the American ports, which if we resisted, we might get landed in a war with America.

Mr. Ernest Jones then attempted to be heard, which gave occasion to a fresh outburst of disorder. The great majority of the meeting were against his being heard, but their own clamour against him defeated their object, as it was impossible to proceed with any business in the noise, while Mr. Jones availed himself of the confusion to gesticulate violently on the platform. At last the Chairman succeeded in taking a vote whether Mr. Jones should be heard or not, when it was decided against him by an immense majority. Mr. Jones bowed to the sense of the meeting, and withdrew.

M. Kossuth then rose and was received with loud cheers, which lasted for some minutes. When the applause had subsided, he said :

TRIBUTE TO FRIENDS.

Sir, trained as I am to grief, still it is with sentiments of deep emotion that I rise. It is the cause of Poland that assembled us. How could I rise on such an occasion without feeling deeply affected by the recollection that Lord Dudley Stuart is no more? By his untimely death you, sir, have lost a friend, a noble companion in your efforts for liberal progress; I have lost a friend to whom I owe personal gratitude (and exiles in misfortune have not many friends); humanity has lost a friend, as few are living like him; Poland has lost a friend, as there are none more devoted and sincere. Private misfortunes, sir, I can bear, and proudly raise my shoulders with the load of sorrows manifold weighing on them; but to see suffering humanity deprived of the best, the purest of its friends, is too sad to witness even for me. The renown of his virtues secured to his memory the esteem of all good men. What must my feelings be, sir, after I have seen him associating himself publicly with me—when he, whom the aristocracy of England so anxiously shunned because I landed on your shores, not with the halo of success, though purchased with public perjury and private crimes, but a persecuted exile, fallen a victim to the duties of a patriot? They shunned me—he stood up at my side, and cast the lustre of his virtues over the exile's head. What must be my feelings after I witnessed his untiring exertions in behalf of prostrate freedom, and in relief of its martyrs in distress—after I have enjoyed the intimacy of his affections and the benefit of his support in public persecution alike as in private distress, of my own, as well as of thousands of my brethren in misfortune, and have seen him especially devoted, with all the persevering zeal of his noble soul, to the cause of Poland, all along the long period of gloom which unprincipled men of little faith have cast over the very name of that ill-fated land? Time-hallowed private affections—the faithful attachment to which is but an evidence of his high morality—may have led him sometimes too much to identify with individuals a cause which, shall it thrive, cannot admit the nation to be absorbed by a party. But he always acted with perfect good faith, that he is serving well his Poland dear; and so much is sure, that Poland and oppressed humanity never can have a friend more devoted than he. To me, sir, it has been a source of great consolation in my public misfortune and my private sorrows to have been able to boast of two such friends in exile as you, Sir Joshua, and the late Lord Dudley. He has departed. I may transfer upon you, sir, the affection I owed him. Yet as long as this heart of mine may continue to throb, that heart will be an altar on which the pure vestal flame of gratitude shall never cease to blaze.

"Peace to his ashes and honour to his memory.
Now to the task of the day."

POLAND AND THE WAR.

All of us here present harmonise in the sentiments prompted by the solemnity of the occasion; all of us claim an equal share in paying the tribute of veneration to the memory of that noble effort of national virtue which we assembled to commemorate; and all of us unite in good wishes for the fall and perfect restoration of Poland, such as justice claims, her imprescriptible national rights demand, her dreadful long-sufferings deserve, and the security of Europe requires. But though all of us claim an equal share in these sentiments, the part we have to take in the proceedings is different. Since the thundering roar of cannon from around Sebastopol continues to rouse an echo of moaning grief from thousands of British homesteads, is there one British heart all along these isles the recesses of which had not thrilled with the inquiry—whether the policy which presides over this war be a wise one—whether those glorious dead whom the world admires, and whom Great Britain bewails, have fallen a sanguinary tribute to dire necessity; or have they fallen but a wanton sacrifice, immolated on the shrine of the errors of those who rule? Can the aged mother, proud in her maternal joy yesterday and childless to-day—can the fatherless orphan, standing like a broken reed—can the widow, cast upon public charity (and 11,000 already there are)—can the nation, maimed by the loss of the bravest and the best of her sons, can they comfort themselves with repeating the words Paulus Emilius spoke when, from the funeral of both his sons, he rode up in triumph to the Capitol? Can they say, "I feel the ruin of my homestead consoled by the good fortune of the commonwealth?" Is there one man all along these isles in the breast of whom the question had not risen, whether there be no better course for carrying on the war? A course sure to succeed, richer in results, and not so dreadful in sacrifices? Yes, that question has been asked by all, it stirred like the thrill of conscience through the breast of all, and whenever it has been asked, and whenever it stirred, the pale spectre of assassinated Poland must have risen before your eyes, and the words I have spoken on the subject to the British nation must have haunted the very conscience of Britannia. Dissimulation may feign indifference, and make a show of slighting opinions which it dislikes; yet, when and reality bears out the truth of disregarded anticipations, recollection comes home with remorse to the very resting-place of proud indifference, and of careless neglect. Under these circumstances, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1830 is not a mere Polish domestic commemoration, intended to rouse the spirits of the living by recollections of a glorious past: it is a solemn warning for self-preservation addressed to British state wisdom: it is a query, by which the genius of the future is about to test the vitality of the British empire. Hence the difference in the part we have to act. Poland makes the query—England has to answer—England, gentlemen, and not this assembly. The transactions of this evening will not be wound up by words spoken within these walls, nor by the passing cheers some of them may have met. This is no question which England might dispose of by passing over it in silence. No answer will be an answer likewise. And such will be England's future, as England's answer will be. As to ourselves, representatives of other nationalities, we, while waiting till the hour for our own battle strikes (and while preparing for it, perhaps), we recline on our arms, and watch, and witness, and wait.

HUNGARY'S SYMPATHY WITH POLAND.

In keeping within the limits of this sphere, I would address myself, first, to you my brethren in misfortune, the Polish exiles, and then to England, sir, if you give me leave. To you, dear brethren in exile, I have a word of thanks to speak, an assurance to give, and an advice to impart. It is eighty-one years since Poland first was quartered by a nefarious act of combined royalty, which the Swiss Tacitus, Johannes Miller, well characterised by saying that "God permitted the act to show forth the morality of Kings." And it is twenty-four years since down-trodden Poland made the greatest—not the last—manifestation of her imperishable vitality, which the Cabinets of Europe were either too narrow-minded to understand, or too corrupt to appreciate. Eighty-one years of still unretricted crime, and twenty-four years of misery in exile! It is a long time to suffer and not despair! And all this time along you, proscribed patriots of Poland, were suffering and did not despair. You stood up before God and the world as a "living statue," with the unquenchable life-flame of patriotism streaming through its petrified limbs. You stood up a protest of eternal right against the sway of impious might, "Mene Tekel upharsin," written in letters of burning blood on the walls of overweening despotism. Time, misery, and sorrow thinned the ranks of your scattered Israel; you have carried your dead to the grave, and those who survived went on to suffer and to hope. Wherever oppressed freedom reared a banner you rallied around—the living statue changed to a fighting hero. Many of yours fell, and when crime triumphed once more over virtue and right you resumed the wandering exile's walking-stick and did not despair. Many amongst you who were young when they last saw the sun rise over Poland's mountains and plains have their hair whitened and their strength broken with age, with anguish, and with misery; but the patriotic heart kept the freshness of its youth. It is young in love of Poland—young in aspirations for her freedom—young in hope, and youthfully fresh in determination to break Poland's chains. What a rich source of noble deeds patriotism must be that it gave you strength so much to suffer, and never to despair. You have given a noble example to all of us your younger brethren in the family of exiles. When the battle of Cana was lost, and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rigors of the felled Roman equires, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to the Consul Terentius Varro for "not having despaired of the commonwealth." Proscribed patriots of Poland, I thank you, and history will thank you, that you have not despaired of resurrection and liberty. These are the thanks I had to give. The time draws nigh when the oppressed nations will call their oppressors to a last account, and the millions of free

men, in the fulness of their right and of their self-organising strength, pass judgment on arrogant conquerors, privileged murderers, and perjured kings. In that supreme trial the faults, errors, and misfortunes of the past were not in vain. It was a terrible ordeal school, but a school it was. All of us have learnt something, and the best of what we have learnt is, that the principle of national fraternity is more than a philanthropic emotion; it is the only effective guarantee of that freedom which we have to conquer and which we will conquer. Let England and America, proud in their present security—let all those whom it concerns—mind its warning while it is yet time to mind it. Those who will not the power to contribute to it, shall have forfeited their claim to a share in that mutual guarantee. If all the signs do not deceive us, the men of Poland may be the first callipers to batter a breach. Many will stand by you, and others will fight the common battle elsewhere. But though many they be, nearest is nearest, and close by is best. It is not in vain that nature, and nature's God, made Hungary a neighbour to Poland, and Poland a neighbour to Hungary. Our enemies are the same, and our cause is identical. I trust I feel, the little I may know, and all I can, my heart, my brain, my arm, shall be with Poland. Remember this. Yet, though I may have learnt something, the pledge of my own fraternal assistance is a small matter, anyhow. And even that little may be lost too soon. We are mortal men, and I grow old, and am careworn. However, that is not worth while speaking of. I may be nothing, but Hungary is much. And it is the genius of Hungary which assures you through my lips Hungary will stand by reviving Poland. Remember my words. This is the assurance I had to give.

ENGLAND'S DANGER—AND POLAND'S.

Last comes the advice. The present complications of Europe—a necessary result of the crimes and errors of the past—cannot be brought to a definite end without Poland acting her part. Of two things, one. Either an insufficient arrangement, leaving the next future unsettled and the war sure to recur again, more dangerous to some, more frightful to all who are parties to it; or the war carried on to a definite issue. This is the only alternative. In the first case, Poland may lose time, but will not have lost her cause. It is others shall have to rue the imprudence of such a resolution. And none more than England, be sure of it—England, the great nation which the *Times* estimates to be "tottering on the climax of its greatness." If this war is not carried to a happy definitive issue, the next time it recurs, I apprehend, it shall be England's turn to present in her fate a second Poland in history; may be, even at home, who knows? But certainly in and about America and in India England's proud standing presents many a vulnerable point. So far there is a difference between Russia and the British empire, not to the advantage of the latter. England has many a vulnerable point; Russia has but one—Poland! Voe to those who, though at war with Russia, still disregard that fact. In the second alternative, why it is perfectly absurd to believe that matters can be carried on without Poland. Those who mind this too late will be brought to remember it with regret. Therefore, I say to you, men of Poland, gird your loins, watch your opportunity, slumber in your armour, but from this moment never more sleep. Remember the French proverb, "Aide toi, et Dieu t'aidera." (Help thyself, and God will help thee.) The moment is critical. It requires all the wisdom, all the discretion, and all the resolution of every Polish patriot. I have heard some whispering about tricks discussed in the dark recesses of secret diplomacy. Oh! the fatal world that workshop of conspiracy against mankind, fraught with more and deadlier crimes than ever were brought to light by tribunals and police-courts. I warn the Polish nation to be on its guard. Cabinet diplomacy may call on Poland out of dire necessity, but if Poland, the nation, takes not in time a stand to vindicate her personality, and to reassert the position of an equal, who as well has assistance to give as to receive, not merely an object but a party in the transactions, you may once more experience what you have already experienced from the secret transactions of the Vienna Congress in 1815, where the name of your nation has been made use of to secure concessions which were not of your concern, and, the concessions once secured, Poland thrown overboard and sacrificed to expediency. You may see the trick performed once more. Nobody in the world has the right to dispose of Poland's destinies but Poland alone. I call on the Polish nation to take in time such a stand that on the one hand nobody shall dare to usurp her rights, and on the other hand nobody shall dare to ignore her. I would say to the Polish nation, be prepared to receive assistance whenever it may come, but beware how that putter trust in kings. They cannot like Poland, because they do not like liberty. This is my advice.

ENGLAND GALLANT BUT OUT-MANŒUVRED.

Now to England, sir, if the assembly desires me to go on; if not, I can stop here. (*Loud cries of "Go on."*) First, and before all, I desire to pay the modest tribute of my highest admiration to the heroic army in the East, which, with so much glory, walks the path of honour, of danger, and of death; nothing daunted by the reflection which could not have escaped the mind of many of them, that the post of honour to which they have been sent is certainly not the best which might have been chosen to begin with a war against Russia, and that a wise policy, by not fettering those auxiliary elements whom circumstances imperatively advised to resort to, might have spared much of their heroic blood, all in promising, richer results. Sir, I can tell something about what heroism is. The unnamed demigods of Hungary who fought the gigantic struggle of 1849 may well claim a place of immortal renown in the ranks of the bravest of the brave. And I who have witnessed this, I say history must go back for centuries to find out a battle like that at Inkerman, where 14,000 men resisted victoriously the valorous attack of 60,000 well-disciplined troops, and where almost every man who fought on your side laid low one of the enemy. The battle of

Alma, defective as it was in disposition, and therefore barren in results, has been glorious in execution, and covered with a lustre of immortality the renown of the British and French soldiery; but the battle of Inkerman, from the first to the last, was a prodigy of valour, and inferior to the miracle of Agincourt. The history of 1854, whatever be its records about the state wisdom of those who rule, will hand down with imperishable renown to the admiration of posterity the impetuous military ardour of the French, and the stern, immovable courage of the Britons who fought in the Crimea. However, they fight on a battlefield richer in glory than in possible results, and richest in death. One more such victory as that of Inkerman and the army is lost. It is a sad consolation to know that the tombs of those glorious dead around Sebastopol can say, like those of Thermopylae, "Wanderer, tell England thou hast seen us slain obedient to our country's laws." The English public have been told of late that there never was a position of more pressing necessity, demanding so imperiously a mind that can forestall instead of waiting on events, and can avert evils which it may be impossible to repair. That is perfectly true, though somewhat of an after-fact wisdom come out too late. But if it be just, then there is no good service to England in halting public opinion to sleep by advising it to let bygones be bygones. A forestalling mind must look to the past for instruction. And the great lesson of accomplished facts is, that England's policy, in reference to the present war, has been wrong in its direction, and inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous in details. Let us analyse the situation. Your gigantic armada in the Baltic is nearly without a laurel to rest its head upon. To do something effective there, the co-operation of Sweden was a matter of prime necessity. England did not get it, because England's policy was wrong. I told England six months ago that the co-operation of Sweden is to be got only by calling Poland to arms. And that was the answer which, three months later, King Oscar gave to General Baraguay d'Hilliers. You have taken Bomarsund—a small matter for now—yet when the time comes that necessity will force you to remember Poland, and you shall have to thank her for the advantage of getting Sweden over to your side, then Bomarsund would have proved an acceptable offer to Sweden; but you blew it up! as if afraid of your own victory, as if bent on the purpose not to have anything to offer to Sweden. What a gigantic blunder! England pretended to strike a blow at the commerce of Russia by blockading her coast, and England just succeeded in turning Russian commerce to Prussia. England has bent her mind on bringing Austria over to herself; she has sacrificed to this one aim everything—numerous millions spent in vain, the life-blood of the flower of England spilt in vain—principles, political reputation, the liberal character of the war, and the very issue of the war—everything. And has your Government gained Austria? (No, no). Has it gained that Austria to whom it has sacrificed everything—that Austria of whom even the *Times* is bound at last to acknowledge that "you are fighting her battle more than your own?" (No, no). What a grand meeting there was in official quarters when I, months ago, told the good people of England that they believe they pay and bleed for freedom, when in reality they are made to fight for Austria. Now it comes out at last. Truth will come out, like murder will. Well, has your Government gained Austria? (No). Go and read the well-founded allegations in the organs—even the Ministerial organs—of publicity about the treacherous attitude and the overbearing insolence of that Austria which your Government persisted in courting with so much submission, and which in return facilitates the enterprises of Russia, insults your allies, and counteracts your combinations. It is not only that you have not gained over Austria, but you have the Turks arrested in the midst of their victorious course; and the fruit of that heroic struggle, poor Wallachia, played over into the treacherous hands of despotic Austria. There is the Turkish army paralysed on the one hand, and there is on the other hand the Czar made and left free to show overpowering numbers upon the flank and the rear of your gallant ranks in the Crimea. There you have the *quintessence* of the Turkish army, high-flowing as they were by the victories at Silistria and Giurgewo, now depressed; there you have the spirits of the Russian army, depressed as they were, now restored. And oh, I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army, and what it is to give time to a demoralised enemy to reanimate its spirits and to take breath. One such moment's neglect in a war, and it is not battles, gentlemen, not battles, but empires that may be lost by it. And at last, alas! not least, there is Sebastopol. Every British heart has watched the great bloody drama there with intense anxiety. I am not wanted to tell you the tale of your heart. I am not wanted to describe how your brave men found there an entrenched camp, with an army, instead of a fortress with a garrison (as your Government appears to have anticipated)—how new armies are pouring upon your shattered ranks, as your Government does not appear to have anticipated, or else it would be more than an error to act as the Government did. All I am wanted to do is to quote from public reports these words:—"The question is no longer whether we shall take Sebastopol or not. The siege of Sebastopol, though not made, may be regarded as at a standstill. We are reduced to the defensive." Such is the situation. "The leaves are turned; Russia is the besieger, you are the besieged." And at what price has this situation been purchased?

KOSSUTH'S PROPHECY.

Gentlemen, on the 5th of July, ten weeks before England embarked on that expedition, ill-advised as well as ill-considered, I, in a speech, the contents of which would have been well for Great Britain to mind, spoke these words at Glasgow:—"Not one out of five of your bravest will see Albion again." Of course I used the number figuratively, as indicative of a great loss. Now, it is a sad tale; number your dead, your wounded, and your disabled—more than 20,000 men out of 30,000 are already lost. My sad anticipations are literally fulfilled! And here at home? Why, here the number of widows and orphans applying for support to

patriotic charity amounts to 11,000! Such is the position, gentlemen! Now, with that position thus analysed, I call on contemporary age and on history to say whether I was exaggerating or too harsh in saying that England's policy has been wrong, that it has been successful nowhere, but inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous everywhere. But you are told for all consolation that "no human foresight could have fully anticipated the extraordinary position which you find yourselves in." Now, as to this, I must say it is not true. Many a man must have anticipated that position. I, for one, have foretold it fact by fact, and word by word. And I certainly claim not the slightest credit for perspicacity on that account. I wonder how any thinking men could do otherwise than know all this. Yet, if such there were, they could have used the modest light of my poor oil-lamp. It is true the people of Great Britain gave me tremendous cheers in return, and went home to tell on, and then to sleep. It is as if I would have been meditating favours for myself, whereas it was England's honour, dignity, interest, and success that I held up before their eyes. They went to toil and to sleep, and the flower of your nation went to die; and now, after my disregarded words have proved true, some of them (the Scottish press) say—"The words he spoke read like the inspiration of a seer, or a picture drawn from history." Others, the *Times*, say: "No human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position in which England finds herself." Extraordinary! Why, what is there extraordinary in the inexorable logic of concatenation between cause and effect? Is it extraordinary that Sebastopol is found to be an entrenched camp with a numerous army in it? Is it extraordinary that the Czar is pouring whole fresh armies to its defence? The Czar has been left perfectly free, and with ample time afforded to do it; nay, in fact, he has been invited to do it by the Turco-Austrian treaty, negotiated under England's auspices.

POLAND USEFUL TO THE ALLIES.

The most extraordinary thing in the matter is not that he has sent reinforcements to Sebastopol, but that he has not sent double the number, and a month earlier. I take this to be so extraordinary that I find only two explanations to account for it. The first is, that to begin a war with Russia with landing an expedition in the Crimea, is an idea so extremely absurd, that the Czar, giving more credit for foresight to his enemies than they deserved, did not believe it until you actually landed off Eupatoria. Secondly, and chiefly, you are indebted to Poland for not having to meet 100,000 Russians more at Sebastopol. If England did disregard the fact that Poland is the vulnerable part of Russia, the Czar was prudent enough to mind it. In the Crimea proud England and France attack him; he is content with opposing 100,000 men to them. On the Danube the flower of the Turkish army, elated by victory, defies and menaces him, he is content to oppose them with 80,000 men. But to Poland, where there is not one man in arms, but where the unquenchable fire of a heroic nation's hatred is smouldering, he sent an army of 300,000 men, to be prepared for emergencies. Some may tell you that it is due chiefly to a precaution against Austria. But it is clear to demonstration that the Czar feels perfectly easy about the submissive obedience of his proconsul in Vienna, or else he certainly would not have left the very existence of his 80,000 men, on the other side of the Pruth, at the mercy of his good friend the Hapsburg. Yes, it is the name of Poland you have to thank for the fact that your whole army in the Crimea, all heroes as they are, has not yet fallen a victim to overpowering numbers. But the situation is sad enough, such as it is. To be sure there may have been some strategic and tactical mistakes in the operations themselves, such as they are.

CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

Sir, I have not the pretension to say that my past could impart authority to my remarks about military matters. I have not been brought up a soldier, neither can I claim the honour of having had to act the part of a soldier in our glorious war. My duties were high and great, but somewhat of a different nature. They were just what the duties of your Government are now, only that mine were a great deal more difficult. We had to fight two great powers alone; you are three great powers united to fight only one of them. And I had no ready army, no rich treasury, no abundantly-stored arsenals, and no free communication with the world. I had to create everything with nothing out of nothing; money and armies, and arms, and all military implements, secluded as we were from all the world, and in the interior, with the deluded third part of our population, armed with the firebrand and with murder, in a condition worse than the Vendée ever was in France, or Ireland sometimes to you. These were my duties, and, besides, my duty has been to designate the objects of military operations, and to direct the war in general, just as the duties of your Government are. Yet, as soldier I was not at that time. I could not draw the plan for the battle, nor direct it myself. But the fact is, had I been able to add the skill of a soldier to my patriotic devotion, no treason would have crept into our ranks, and Hungary were now free—not all the Czars of the world could have defeated us. And who can yet tell whether I may not yet be called upon to serve my country? Therefore, I thought the time of my exile may be best employed in preparing for possible emergencies, by learning what, unfortunately, I have not known before. And modest as be my humble abilities, I certainly dare say, if assiduous application and discretion, guided by experience, may master the mysteries of an art, I am a soldier now, and feel competent to judge of military matters. With this consciousness, I say there have certainly been some very serious mistakes connected with the operations in the Crimea. I consider it an unaccountable mistake to have engaged in the siege of Sebastopol without taking previously hold of the strait of Perekop in the north, and taking command by sea of the bay of Kerch in the east, so as to prevent, or at least retard, the reinforcements which it was easy to foresee that Russia would send. And that neglect once omitted, I certainly cannot understand the logic of shifting the basis of operation down to the southernmost corner of the peninsula,

thus leaving the whole of the land free to draw hence supplies to Sebastopol, and leaving the Russians not only entirely at liberty to send reinforcements to the Crimea, but leaving to them, besides, the very road, perfectly open and unimpeded, even to enter Sebastopol in small or large numbers, just as they please, without having to fight for it. My opinion is that, yours being what is called a moveable basis (the fleet), you could choose that point all along the coast which was the best to rest upon. Now, the bulk of your allied squadron is actually, not south of Sebastopol, at Balaklava, but north of Sebastopol, off the Katcha river. Why not remain there with the army likewise? Why not draw up your lines, leaning on the Belbek river, affording more or less protection against cavalry? There, with a well-provided redoubt at the point where the only road from the interior splits in two towards Sebastopol and Balaklava, you, by your position, already had restricted the communications of Sebastopol to that narrow convex where it is now your bad fortune to be pent up. You would have cut off all their supplies from the interior, and no reinforcements could have entered Sebastopol without having first to fight separately an open field battle, wherein, certainly, the Russians are no match for your heroes there. Instead of that, your army has been established so as to leave Sebastopol perfectly free to communicate with the whole empire of Russia. This is a strategic error, in my humble opinion, not even justified by technical considerations. By besieging the north instead of the south of Sebastopol you would have encountered more of permanent fortifications, which is no difficulty for engineers, but would have encountered less of an entrenched camp, with less numerous a garrison, which makes your real difficulty; and at last, once the north side fortifications taken, you would have become masters of the town alike; whereas, on the contrary, the taking of the town will not make you masters of the northern forts. You would have to return for besieging them to where you had better have begun, were it not more likely that, in taking the town, you would either have to do what you did at Bomarsund, and sail off, and swiftly too, or would have, in your turn, to stand a siege, with the difference that, while you were the besiegers Russia had to stand the siege in a fortified place; you, on the contrary, would have to stand it amid ruins, yawning, shattered, and smouldering. Even as to the battle of Alma, glorious as it has been in personal gallantry, from the commander-in-chief down to the lowest in rank and file, I cannot help thinking that it has been a wanton sacrifice of valuable life, and very defective in plan. A strong position should never be attacked when it can be carried by turning it. And this was evidently the case. A march of two English miles up the Alma must have forced the Russians either to retreat or to change their front with the loss of all the advantages of the position. Not the wings of the line of battle, but the position had to be turned. And as to the battle itself, why, the plan of turning both the wings of a line of battle is certainly the worst plan which could be imagined. It is condemned by theory as well as by all the history of modern warfare. It did not succeed on the right wing of the enemy where it would have been of importance; the success on the other wing was just so much as if the French had been bent on the generosity of preserving the Russians from being driven into the sea, in case the English flanking movement succeeded. And then the battle was reduced to a parallel attack in front, which will say so much as a perfect absence of any plan at all. It was a bull-fight, breasts against breasts, and horn against horn. The impetuous bearing of the French soldier, and the stern courage of the English soldier, have carried the day. The French have gloriously maintained their military renown, and the English soldier deserved the more praise, as your shilling and pound-fashioned military regulations, give him a very scanty share in those impulses of noble ambition which the French soldier draws from the conscience that he carries the materials to a Marshal's staff in his knapsack—a neglect on your part, by-the-by, which is a dim spot on the shining robe of English civilisation. They have gained the day—all honour to them—but the 4000 wounded and dead laid low on that day could have been spared forthwith. However, all these and like mistakes enter only for secondary considerations in estimating the situation such as it is. The chief error (if not more) on the part of the Western Powers is in the very idea of beginning a war against Russia by a systematic campaign in the Crimea. Not that I am of opinion that this war should have been brought or should be brought to an end without wresting the Crimea from the Czar, and destroying his Black Sea fleet; but I am decidedly of the opinion that, if an attack on Sebastopol has not or could not have been tried by a naval *coup de main*, the very next day after the outrageous slaughter at Sinope, a systematic expedition to the Crimea ought to have been one of the last strokes, and by no means the first; in no case one which I would have undertaken to deal before I had, by successful victories in Bessarabia and around Odessa, driven the Russians back from the Black Sea, and perfectly isolated the Crimea from the rest of the Russian empire. Then taking my stand with the main body of my force in a convenient locality, somewhere above Odessa (which, remember, might have been accomplished as circumstances were up to the half of September), I certainly would have sent some 30,000 men to take Sebastopol, who, heroes as they are, with a gallant, intelligent, and experienced chief at their head, as Lord Raglan is, would have done their work up to this day under such circumstances, and would have found Menshikoff cut off from every hope of relief, fighting, at the best, but for military reputation, as General Chassé did at Antwerp. But, in the mean while, I would have been perfectly content with knowing the Russian fleet was utterly paralysed by the very presence of your vastly superior squadron in the Black Sea (an easy task with that naval force, and with a little vigilance). I would have been rather glad to know that the necessity of keeping Sebastopol well garrisoned would serve me like a diversion, by keeping so much smaller the main Russian army, which I was engaged in defeating. But, before defeating the Russians decisively in the field, in no case would I have severed my disposable forces, as you did,

by separating from the 120,000 Turks on the Danube—in no case would I have invited Russia to bring down upon my divided forces 100,000 men to a position the least advantageous to you, as certainly Sebastopol is—in no case would I have afforded to the 100,000 Russians the additional advantage of the strength of those fortifications, of the vast storm of their almost unlimited armament, and of the guns of the ships moored in the bay. I would have forced the Russians either to fight without those advantages, or to go off and leave those commodities without the 100,000 men; but in no case would I have permitted them to combine both those elements of strength. Such are the facts. I will not say that you will not take Sebastopol—leaders and men like those you have there may do prodigies, though their position is certainly anything but satisfactory. Whatever be the shadows which coming events cast over my soul—not for anything would I throw a damp upon the spirits of those brave men, when all their spirits are required in the struggle they have to stand. Let us take for granted that they succeed; let us anticipate the sight when the shattered ruins of that glorious army will stand on the smouldering ruins of Sebastopol. Well, and after?

OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

If your secret aim in this war has been solely the destruction of the Russian fleet; well this will be achieved at the sacrifice of the flower of both your nations; but this you never can dare avow—you never can avow that your only object in this war has been a rehearsal of Copenhagen and of Navarino from mere jealousy. And if you have higher, broader views, as have you must, then, supposing you have taken Sebastopol, I ask you—well, and after? The Crimea taken is no security for the future to Europe. It is no barrier which defends, but an acquisition which requires defence; and what Europe expects to have for issue from this war, is a material barrier against Russian preponderance; a moral barrier of free nations against despotism. Oh, how different would be your position now, if your Government had not sacrificed your own safety to illiberal views, and your own success to regards for the worst of despots and despotism? Suppose you had organised a brigade of Polish exiles—France, even the France of Napoleon, has a foreign legion, why not you? who are not over abundant in men, and have fought nearly all your continental wars with your own money, but with foreign armies; your own braves acting the part which the Old Guard of Napoleon acted—suppose you had organised a foreign legion of Poles here, and ordered Sir Charles Napier not to care about barren Cronstadt, but to take Riga, and land the Polish legion, to call on Russian-Poland to rise; and, to back them, lead the 12,000 French, who were despatched to the Baltic with such a pompous flourish of Imperial words, and who did so wondrously little there. Suppose this done; and suppose, at the same time, the Anglo-French army in the East 100,000 strong, joining the 120,000 Turks, elated by recent victory, pushing on after the defeated Russians up Bessarabia!—what would be Russia now? and how different would be your position? But Austria! what with Austria? I hear the silent question of your heart's anxiety. Well, of two things, one; either Austria would have let you do; and then the question requires no answer; or she would have played false against you; and in this case you had but to call on Hungary and Italy, and where would be Austria now? England takes but too much the air of looking down upon us with the commiseration of pride in politics, because I, or Mazzini, or Ledru Rollin, or these gentlemen here, or any of the proscribed patriots of whatever land, we are but poor exiles. England forgets that those elements to which these now poor exiles belong may weigh to-morrow the destinies of Europe and your own in the hollow of their hand. Why, for a passing moment is Bonaparte not doing it? While a few years back, you have seen him nothing more than an exile, less entitled to reasonable hopes than the elements to which we belong, though not less miserable than some of us. You forget that revolution which we assemble to commemorate—you forget how the very Koszinskiers (scythemen) of slighted Poland have mown down the invincible cuirassiers of Russia like grass; you forget that we Hungarians, abandoned, almost betrayed by all the world, we alone have stood our ground, not only against that Austria which England so much fears or so much loves, but stood our ground against that Russia besides, which you are three powers to fight. Prudence, justice, and humanity alike advise you to look to nations for your allies.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

England flatters dynasties, and relies on alliances with passing men instead of looking to lasting nations. Whatever be my opinion about Napoleon and your alliance with him, I will respect your feelings, and will not say anything to hurt them; yet one consideration I would recommend England well to weigh. Napoleon is a mortal man, like whoever else; he may die by many a malady; he may be dying at this very moment; who knows? At all events, Napoleon is but a passing meteor—the French nation is a lasting luminary. You are allied to Napoleon; do you believe to have secured the alliance of the French nation? No, you have not. And why not? Because your alliance purports to barter away the freedom of Poland, Hungary, Italy, and Germany, for the precarious and disreputable friendship of the Hapsburgs and the Brandenburgs. Such is your alliance with Napoleon. Now, do you believe that the French nation, restored to its sovereignty, as certainly restored it will be, ever would sanction such an alliance? No, by all that there is sacred to men, never, never! Mind these my words.

THE CRISIS—ADVICE.

But the question is, what have you to do in the situation you are placed? You are told, for all answers, that reinforcements shall be sent; and reinforcements will do. I went the length of England and the Highlands of Scotland, and seeing the scantiness of your rural population, I wondered where England could find soldiers, once seriously engaged in a great war. Your cities absorb your nation; and it is to-day true what Horace wrote 2000 years ago; it is not the cities, but the rural population—*rusticorum masculor mili-*

tum proles—which furnishes the stout arms for the war. Still to send the most possible reinforcements is wise, and it is a duty and an obvious necessity besides. But suppose you recruit your reinforcements to your heart's delight, and have time, too, to transform them into soldiers, will that be a radical cure? Certainly not. To have a radical cure, you must penetrate to the root of the evil. The real source of all your difficulties is Austria. Every child knows this. Either England fears Austria too much, or loves her more than she ought. There is the evil. Don't fear Austria; throw her overboard, and you are safe; if not, not. Referring to what I was saying about the comparative barrenness of a success at Sebastopol—a success, besides, sure to come at a later period—I really believe even now it would be better for you to shift the theatre of the war (provided it be not too late). Men who, 14,000 strong, have beaten 60,000 Russians, can gain no more glory by the barren laurels gathered on the ruins of Sebastopol than they have, and can nothing lose in their reputation by being despatched to triumph on a better field richer in results. And oh, what could not be done with men like those on the right spot. To engage in a wrong direction may be an error! To persist in a wrong direction, and sacrifice life (and such life!) may look like a crime, the retribution of which may yet fall heavily on your heads. Shift the theatre of the war; insist peremptorily on Austria's evacuating the Principalities, and on siding with or against you; advise the Sultan to grant independence to the Roumains and arm them. Enlist the Polish emigration—not to Turkey, but here—mind where the weak point of Russia is, and strike there. And wherever a Government is playing false to you, call on the nation it oppresses. These are your radical remedies; but remember that while in matters of internal progress you may say, by and by we shall come to that; in a war, everything depends on moments. Opportunity lost is a campaign lost, may be even more. Poland is your surest remedy even to-day, but how much surer and easier would it have been six months ago. I do not speak from even patriotic egotism. This war—such as it is—and may it be carried on, as arranged, in the worst possible manner, is manifestly an indication of retributive justice, slow but sure in its decrees.

HOPE FOR HUNGARY.

Much against the will of your Government, the freedom of Hungary is sure to come. It were sad for myself not to see the day, but that is only a question of individual happiness, not worth while to speak of. If I die to-day, I die sure of the fact that my dear Hungary will be free. I speak not from egotism. I speak as England's friend. Neither you, nor even Napoleon, can afford sufficient forces for that war there. He cannot say like as you can, let us send our last soldier; the police will do at home. He has many things to guard—Paris, France, Algiers, and watch to the north and to the south. You have not many men—he has too much for exigencies. I repeat my words of yore. Come what may, in this war England stands more in need of Poland and of Hungary, than Poland and Hungary stand in need of England. With us, victory; without us, defeat; or a disreputable, insufficient armistice. You remember the tale about the nine Sybilline books. Poland will be your Sybilline books. Three already are lost. Hasten to buy the remaining six, or else, like the Roman king of old, you shall have to pay the full price of all the nine for the last three. Mine is the advice, yours is the choice.

M. Kossuth resumed his seat amid tremendous plaudits, long repeated.

Thanks were then voted to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated about twenty-five minutes before eleven o'clock.

Wednesday being the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Polish insurrection of 1830, the Polish exiles resident in London attended the funeral service at the Roman Catholic chapel, Sutton-street, Soho-square, which was performed by the Rev. Emericus Podolski, who also preached a sermon suitable to the occasion, and in which he deplored the recent loss sustained by Poland and her exiled sons in the death of their most generous friend and protector Lord Dudley Stuart.

After this ceremony a public meeting, composed of Poles, and convened by their committee, acting under the orders of Prince Czartoryski, was held at Sussex Chambers, Duke-street, St. James's. Colonel Wiercinski occupied the chair, and the following resolutions were agreed to:—

The first resolution was moved by Mr. N. F. Zabaty, seconded by Major Gielgud—

"That the Poles, faithful to the duty which twenty-four years ago called them to arms in defence of their inalienable rights to freedom and national independence, do most solemnly protest against the usurpation of their country by foreign oppressors, and whilst expressing their anxious interest in the issue of the struggle in which the Western Powers are now engaged with the Czar, do await with enduring patience the moment they shall be called upon to take a part in the war, with a view of restoring Poland to the rank of an independent state, the only effectual and permanent means of arresting the aggressive policy of Russia; of guarding the civilisation of the West against the incursions of Eastern barbarism; and of establishing a true and lasting peace of Europe."

The second resolution was moved by Mr. Gleinich, seconded by Major Janciewicz—

"That the Poles, deeply anxious to testify their gratitude to the people of England and France, amongst whom they have found not merely an asylum, but a home, are painfully disappointed that no Polish Legion, to act in conjunction with the allied Powers, has yet been formed; for they are persuaded that had such a measure been adopted thousands of their fellow-countrymen, now ignominiously forced to

serve in the Russian army, and to combat against the forces of the allied Powers, would, as soon as the Polish national standard had been unfurled, have passed over to the ranks of England and France, spared their blood, now so heroically and prodigiously shed, and in all probability have already decided the fate of Sebastopol and the issue of the present war."

The third resolution was moved by Lieutenant C. Szulczewski, seconded by Colonel Szyrna—

"That the Poles do hereby express their most poignant grief at the irreparable loss they have sustained in the death of the much-lamented Lord Dudley Stuart," &c.

After a tribute of respect and gratitude paid to their chief, Prince Adam Czartoryski, and to the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, the meeting separated.

CHINA.

At Canton matters remain much the same as previously reported. The Mandarin forces still held the city, but act only on the defensive. The rebels are apparently getting tired of starving the city into a capitulation, for there is disorganisation amongst their bands. Trade is beginning to be re-established.

IRELAND.

DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS!

THERE is only one movement in Ireland at present: that highly Roman Catholic country is putting down the Bishops!

Mr. Duffy, M.P., says, in his *Nation*—If the Bishops say the Priests ought not to interfere in politics, the people will say the Bishops ought to keep off too. And Mr. Duffy seems to argue that their exclusion would be no great loss to the national cause; for he traces all the misfortunes of Irish nationalism to the treachery of Irish Bishops in selling their country to the English Government. It need not be told, he says,

"How far the Reformation illustrated the fidelity of Priests and the weakness of Bishops."

"In the Confederation of Kilkenny, the profigate King of England had as many partisans among the prelates as the Pope and the People united."

"In '98, when the nation might have recovered its independence, and become half a century ago what Belgium is to-day, the Castle Bishops were conspiring with Cooke and Castlereagh to manacle its uplifted hands and prostrate it at the feet of England."

"In 1800, they were among the most active agents in bringing about the accursed Union. What Irish Catholic can read without a flushed face their secret correspondence with the hirelings of Pitt?"

"The Catholic Committee were baffled and defeated for twenty years, as the Tenant League is baffled to-day, by their cowardice and subservience. They were partisans of the Veto. They directly, and in terms," says O'Connell, favoured the plan of giving the English crown the indirect but efficacious power of nominating the Catholic Bishops in Ireland. And, of course, they vehemently 'discountenanced' the opposition of the laity to that measure."

"And so the story runs through all the shifting fortunes of the country; but never exhibiting a more hateful or alarming aspect than at this very hour."

"The time is, however, when it must finally conquer or be conquered. We believe it will be disciplined and reduced to order by the authority of the Holy See. It is there the eyes of the country are turned. But if it be not, we foresee its political influence will not long survive its victory over the body of the Priesthood. If it robs the Priests of political power, the people will strip it naked of the same; and the retribution will be just. If there are to be no more working Priests in politics, why should there be any more mitred Priests? If the Priests, who alone won Catholic Emancipation, by strengthening the strong hands of O'Connell, are to be silenced, let the Episcopal Priests, who (with some illustrious exceptions, past and present) were in courtly correspondence with the enemies of the People, be silenced also. If Bishops insist upon no more Priests in politics, let the people insist upon no more Bishops."

SYMPTOMS OF COMING PROSPERITY.—The *Belfast Mercury*, alluding to the sale of the Staples estates in the county of Antrim, thus calls attention to one feature which lent a peculiar interest to a portion of the proceedings:—

This was the presence of tenant farmers, who, as regards the lots into which they entered, contested the sale, bid by bid, with their more affluent competitors, and eventually carried them off. An old man, venerable in years, and respected in his neighbourhood, purchased for 3,675*l.* over 326 acres, of which he had hitherto held less than 60 as tenant. He inaugurated his intention of becoming a proprietor by a question put in the homely and forcible language of the labour field—"Will you take from an old tenant 2000*l.* for the lot?" He afterwards secured it by nearly doubling his offer. Another who held a fraction over 10 acres in his own right, and in conjunction with another, less than 31 acres, bought up these and others, amounting to 454 acres, at a sum bordering on 5000*l.* Both of these tenant farmers were congratulated on the new position in which the proceedings had placed them, and we congratulate them too.

OUR CIVILISATION.

HUSBAND BEATING.—A bill for the management of this offence might at all events be tried. Eliza Chandler, twenty-two years of age, bold and dissipated, knocked her husband on the head with his own carpenter's hammer. No particular offence was given—merely a slight remark on her being drunk. However, she says her husband called her a bad name. After this she seems to have tried to burn herself, but she was unfortunately prevented. The husband is in a very critical state, and so the young woman soothed herself by spitting in the face of the principal witness.

FAMILY LIFE.—Through a charge of theft, Mr. Yardley has made acquaintance with a most distinguished family—each member being distinguished for some brutality or other. The mother, a dissipated woman, appears to be an expert thief—the case in point, robbery of a prostitute, being one of her little foibles. The proceedings elicited the facts, that her daughter is in the service of the prostitute in question, and that she prefers service to being beaten by her parents. Mr. Yardley had her called, and she seemed to know that her position was scarcely modest. The mother had been three times imprisoned for beating her children, and the father had been imprisoned for beating the mother.

UNPROTECTED FEMALES.—An elderly maiden lady, with three female servants, lived in a small house near Southampton. Four ruffians broke in, and carried off the cash, plate, &c., besides beating the women, and nearly frightening them to death. On departing they threw a burning newspaper under the bed, but failed in destroying the house. They took a bank-note, the number of which is known.

A VERY EFFICIENT POLICE-FORCE.—A lady-like young woman," say the reporters, has been taken up for uttering a bad shilling. She gave her address, but the police made no inquiry, and she was locked up from nine o'clock on Saturday night until twelve on Monday. Evidence was clearly against the charge, and the lady's family was most respectable. The magistrate could only regret the detainment, and caution the police.

A PARTICULAR GENTLEMAN.—At Dublin, Miss Russell has obtained 75*l.* from Mr. Shortall, who had proved faithless. The defendant had seen the plaintiff whilst inspecting the Ballinrobe Union, of which establishment she was schoolmistress. The usual things followed—love at first sight, and subsequent discovery of a former lover, Mr. O'G—. The counsel of course read every letter he could get at, which afforded much amusement. Mr. Shortall could not believe in second love, so drew a cheque for 75*l.*

BAD NEIGHBOURS.—An explosion was heard at a house in Cripplegate, and on an inspector making a search, he found a child seriously burnt, and a tin canister, capable of holding a pound of gunpowder, on the floor. It was immediately found that Mr. Mullens, a tobaccoconist, living next door, was on the roof. People drew their conclusions, and the constable drew his staff. The child was very seriously injured, and the room rather shattered. The notion is that Mullens threw the canister down the chimney. He was admitted to bail.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE AT BRISTOL.

An extraordinary and revolting case has been discovered at Bristol. Physicians were called to visit Mrs. O'Hara, a lady of fortune, and wife of a retired surgeon of considerable property. They felt compelled to lay a statement of her condition before the magistrates. They proceeded up-stairs, but before they got to the floor on which was the room occupied by the lady, they perceived a stench issuing from the room which was quite overpowering. On entering the room they found the floor covered with every sort of filth, and garbage of all kinds; relics of bygone meals, grease, &c. On the right hand as they entered was what stood for a bed—it was like a black mass of putrescent rags. On going round the bed there was a sort of curtain hanging, which at first prevented their seeing the sick woman. Who she thought was approaching her they could not tell, but upon hearing their footsteps and the dog, she at once caught hold of a poker near her, and put herself in an attitude of defence, and said, "Get away, you w—'s bully;" and she repeated the phrase a great number of times. They could not examine her person very narrowly, for on approaching her the stench was so overpowering that it brought on very severe vomiting, and he could not, therefore, remain very long, nor was it necessary that they should, as it was not a case for medicine, but for interference of another kind. Clothing, in the common sense of the word, she appeared almost to have none. He did not know what might have been next her person, but externally she had what

appeared to him to be pieces of old threadbare decaying carpet, tacked together, horribly stinking, saturated with grease and every other sort of filth. They asked Mr. O'Hara in turns whether he considered his wife insane, intemperate, or intoxicated at that period? To all which questions he replied "No." He explained that her exclamation was in consequence of her jealous temper; that she had for years suspected him of improper conduct with every female who came to the house.

At a subsequent examination they examined the woman's legs. She was not able to stand, and her legs were enormously swollen, and were excoriated with deep sores, from the ankle to the knee. The ulcers were very large and deep, and covered with foul rags, which, from their appearance, had been there from an indefinite period of time, and her whole legs and feet were incrustated with filth, the stench from which was inconceivable. She said she wished to die, but could not die; she was the most miserable woman alive, and that that man (pointing to Mr. O'Hara) was the greatest villain living.

In reply to questions, Dr. Budd said the woman did not make any complaint of ill-usage, and said she had a sufficiency of food. Her answers seemed pertinent to the questions, but without further examination he was unable to give an opinion as to the state of her mind.

Mr. Evans, surgeon, deposed that when he went to superintend her removal he found her lying with her head under the grate, in which there was a fire. Her husband was sitting by her side, more than half intoxicated.

Mr. O'Hara said he was trying to pick his wife up; he then made a statement admitting fully all that had been said as to the state of filth, but declared it to be his wife's own fault. She had the best of clothes and best of food, but would not allow herself to be cleaned. He had paid her every attention.

By order of the magistrates, Mr. Bernard and Mr. Bleech, surgeons, have examined the unfortunate lady, and have given in certificates of her insanity. Arrangements will be made for her admission into a private lunatic asylum.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PARLIAMENTARY LEADER.

The Roman Catholics of London met at the Sablonnière Hotel, Leicester-square, to present the testimonial to the honourable member for Meath, which has been some time in course of preparation. The chair was taken by the Very Rev. Dr. Whitty, vicar-general of Westminster, who was supported by Mr. Lucas, the Hon. J. F. Arundell, the Very Rev. F. Oakeley, the hon. secretaries to the testimonial, and Messrs. Chisholm, R.A., R. Doyle, J. Doyle, Lescher, Pagliano, Lynch, and the Revs. W. Kelly, R. G. Macmullen, and a large body of the subscribers to the testimonial.

The Rev. F. Oakeley opened the proceedings by stating that the English portion of the collection amounted to 450*l.*, and that subscriptions still flowed in, it being much easier to start a subscription than to stop it.

The address having been read,

Mr. Lucas, in returning thanks, said:—"There was a pretty complete unanimity of opinion among all entitled to pronounce, or capable of pronouncing an opinion upon Catholic affairs, in favour of the parliamentary policy with which he and his friend were identified. The list now before him gave a very faithful representation of English Catholic opinion in all classes of society, and he believed the verdict of that opinion to be in favour of complete independence of all the Governments and a resolute vindication of Catholic rights upon Catholic principles, upon being deterred from doing so by fear, or favour, or affection. Mr. Lucas then alluded to his journey to Rome. He said that it would be ungenerous, and very far from his wish, to identify the subscribers to this memorial with his opinions upon the case which he wished to lay before the supreme Pontiff. That case, indeed, had arisen subsequently to the testimonial, and therefore it would be most unfair to connect it with his journey to Rome; but he wished to explain to the gentlemen then present, and through them to the other subscribers, and to the English Catholics generally, that he was going to Rome for no other reason under Heaven than to carry out to the best of his ability, the principles embodied in the address just read to him. This was his whole object. In the carrying out of these principles unexpected obstacles had arisen, some of which were before the world, and others of which, perhaps the more important, had not been publicly proclaimed. His object was to try to remove these obstacles, and to endeavour to secure a freer play to those principles of parliamentary policy to which the address just presented to him had given a high sanction of the English and Scotch Catholics. That address speaks of his being "encouraged by the voice of ecclesiastical authority." He could assure them that he was going to Rome strictly in the spirit of that phrase, and because he was resolved on all occasions to act with a loyal and devoted spirit towards ecclesiastical authority, but, above all, to the highest ecclesiastical authority—that of the successor of St. Peter. Obstacles

had arisen to the policy of which he had spoken, but he was in hopes that when the case was fully canvassed and explanations were given on all sides, that those obstacles would vanish, and that the principle to which they were so much devoted, and along with them harmony and union amongst the Catholics of these three kingdoms on the only possible basis, would receive a signal triumph.

This reference to the object of the deputation to Rome was received with loud and general applause.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

Public meetings are continuing successfully. That of the city of Westminster, postponed a fortnight since, has been held this week, but was thinly attended. However, its object was gained. Mr. Donald Nicoll's speech was remarkable for various reasons. After some prefatory remarks on the general question, he said "that the firm with which he was connected made an offer to the Government to supply the soldiers in the East with comfortable clothing at a price which would have entailed considerable pecuniary loss upon himself and his partner, as well as great inconvenience, but the Government had taken no notice of his proposal. That circumstance was only consistent with the general conduct of the Government in reference to the war."

THE COURT.

On Monday next her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert will leave Windsor Castle for Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort will remain in town until Wednesday, the 6th, when the Court will return to Windsor.

On the Monday or Tuesday following, the Court will again proceed to Buckingham Palace, it being the Queen's intention to open the Parliament House, on the 12th, in person.

THE BISHOP AND THE BURIAL BOARD.

The *Carlisle Journal* states that the Bishop of Carlisle is at issue with the burial board of that city. He refuses to consecrate a portion of a new cemetery unless a wall of three feet high is built round it. The Board remonstrated, but without success, and then came to a resolution:—

"That application be made to the Right Honourable the Secretary of the Home Department, informing him that the Bishop of Carlisle has stated that he will not consecrate any portion of the new burial ground unless such portion is completely walled off and separated from the other portion. That, besides, having a very offensive bearing against Dissenters, such a wall would, in the opinion of the Board, entirely spoil the appearance of the burial ground, which has been purchased under the Burials Act, 16 and 17 Vic., cap. 134, and enclosed completely round with a wall and palisading seven feet high, at a very large expense.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRECK OF THE NEW ERA.—The *New York Tribune* describes a shipwreck, with fearful loss of life, which occurred during a fog off Deal, near Sandy Hook. A terrific surf was on, and communication from shore was impossible. When the fog occasionally cleared, the people could be seen clinging to the vessel, and the breakers constantly knocking them off. 153 out of 410 lives were subsequently saved. Great loss of life occurred between decks in consequence of the passengers having been fastened below in the steerage during the storm, and the sea breaking in, the poor creatures were drowned without a chance of escape.

WRECK OF THE FORERUNNER.—THE CAPTAIN DISMISSED.—An inquiry having been instituted respecting the loss of this ship, the following conclusion has been arrived at:—

"We are of opinion that the loss of the *Forerunner* was occasioned by her being negligently run upon a well-known rock, situate about 200 yards from the cliff of Fora, forming the eastern extremity of the island of Madeira, the land being at the time distinctly visible, and there being no necessity whatever for the vessel being so near that spot.

"That, previous to this, the vessel was kept unnecessarily, and sometimes dangerously, near to the shore.

"That, by the direction of the master, she was taken out of her direct route, where he had a channel open before him of nearly ten miles in width, apparently for the purpose of skirting the coast.

"That this unnecessarily close proximity to the rocks was such that Captain Gregory remarked to the captain on the danger of passing so near; that afterwards the vessel struck and was found to be fast filling with water. The master then quitted his post, and went below to the cabin and occupied himself in saving the chronometers and money of the ship, instead of providing for the safety of his passengers and crew and endeavouring to maintain the discipline of the ship, which especially became him as captain of the vessel at this, a moment of imminent peril."

Comments were also made on former recklessness and misconduct. Admiral Bucky addressing Captain Johnstone, said that his conduct was likely to destroy (unnecessarily) public confidence in steam-ships. His certificate was cancelled.

SHOPS OF A BAD WINTER.—At Manchester the incendiaries continue active, and warehouse property steadily vanishes. The police are vigilant, but not always successful. Sunday, it seems, is the favourite day.

A PRIT.—There is no truth whatever in the allegation that the Right Hon. W. G. Hayter, M.P., is about to retire from his office of Secretary to the Treasury.

EMIGRATION.—Liverpool statistics tell us that emigration has decreased considerably the last few months. But still, during the present month, as many as 8230 emigrants have left Liverpool for Australia, whilst nearly double that number have been attracted to the United States.

ETON AND THE ARMY.—It is a frequent subject of remark among Etonians how large a proportion of the officers who have fallen in the Crimea were educated at Eton. Lord Carrington acknowledged this fact by a very graceful compliment to the school, which will not soon be forgotten. In the course of their march he led his regiment (the Royal Bucks Militia, now quartered in Windsor) into the Eton playing-fields. The boys soon collected there in great numbers, much struck by the fine appearance of the regiment. In the mean time Lord Carrington went to the head-master's house to ask, in the name of the regiment, for a holiday for the school. On his return, being surrounded by the boys, he told them so, and added a few words something to the following effect:—"Boys, I cannot see what a large proportion of the officers who have fallen in the war are Etonians without feeling how much the country owes to this school. At all times Eton has been foremost in giving her sons to the service of their country, both in the army and navy, but never more than in the present war; and I am sure that you who are before me now are of the same stamp as those who are so nobly maintaining the honour of their country, or have fallen cheering their men on to victory; and Eton will, I am persuaded, continue to send forth those who will be the honour and boast of their country. To testify how much I think is owed to Eton, I will order my men to present arms to you." Upon this he advanced to the front of his regiment, which was drawn up in line, and, giving the preparatory words of command, he added, "Royal Bucks Militia, present arms to the Eton boys." So novel and unexpected a compliment, mingling as it did with the recollection of those—fathers, brothers, or former companions—to whose gallantry Lord Carrington had alluded, affected very deeply all that were present. As if by one impulse, every hat was taken off, and, after a moment's deep silence, a cheer burst forth, deep, prolonged, and ringing, such as Eton boys give when they feel deeply. When the cheer had at length subsided, Mr. Buckle, captain of the school, called on his companions to give another cheer for Lord Carrington; after which they accompanied the regiment as it marched through and out of the playing-fields. The parents and friends of the officers here alluded to will not read without emotion of this exceedingly well-timed and graceful act of homage paid by Lord Carrington and his regiment to the heroic conduct of those still engaged, as well as to the memory of those for whose loss they are now mourning.—*Times*.

HYPERBOLIC IRREVERENCE.—At the Candonagh Petty Sessions, the Rev. N. C. Martin appeared to prefer a charge against S. Rankin, Esq., of Tiernaleague, a justice of the peace. The allegation was, that Mr. Rankin had turned his back on Mr. Martin while the latter was preaching, stared rudely at him, and made a great noise by slamming the door of his pew violently. The magistrates refused to receive the information, and Mr. Rankin declared he had never intended to act irreverently in the church.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA IN A MACKEREL BOAT.—A fishing boat has actually sailed for Australia. She is named the *Mystery*, and is only 22 tons. Her crew, on leaving Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, were in the best health and spirits, and appeared sanguine of a safe and speedy voyage.

MR. MACREADY AT MANCHESTER.—At the Manchester Mechanics Institution, Mr. Macready has been reading selections from the Poets. He was received with enthusiasm, and it is said that he has lost none of his power. The reading was for the benefit of the Institution.

CABS ON SUNDAY.—As we anticipated, the rigid rule laid down by the cab owners and drivers, that there should be no public vehicular conveyance in our city on the Sabbath, has only held good for one day, simply because the public would not tolerate the inconvenience to which it led. Cabs are now to be allowed every alternate Sunday as a day of rest.—*North British Daily Mail*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Some proceedings (a writ of ejectment against Mr. Lumley) so tortuous as to be incomprehensible to the multitude, have occurred in the Exchequer Chamber, which seem to give prospect of the reopening of the Opera-house next session. We would not recommend anybody to rely upon it.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "The Leader."

For a Half-Year. £0 13 0
To be remitted in advance.

Money Orders should be drawn upon the STRAND Branch Office, and be made payable to Mr. ALFRED E. GALLOWAY, at No. 7, Wellington Street, Strand.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.
No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.
We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—*DR. ARNOLD*.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THAT the war against Russia has been grievously misconducted by the cabinets and generals and admirals of England and France, is now, emphatically, the opinion of Europe. This is an opinion which has been created, not by the hasty critics, misled by impatient liberalism, in the press, but by the deliberate declaration, in public and in private, of military and naval men engaged in the war or watching it at a distance—of acknowledged statesmen of all shades of politics—and of those reliable men of practical capacity who are so well represented by Mr. James Nasmyth. Even the Governments themselves acknowledge to immense disappointments; and those infelicitous journalists who are pledged to the ignominious rôle of discovering the perfection of human capacity in all that may be done, or that may not have been done, by an emperor who a year ago was a laughing-stock, and by a set of nobles whose careers consist in confessions of blunders, are suspiciously eager in defending their masters at the expense of Providence—and the accidents of war. But the common sense of the two nations perceives the blunders which have been committed; and the condemnation of our own Government is all the more solemn that it is sorrowful rather than indignant. It is sorrowful because we cannot look for a safer future to the constitutional machinery of a change of ministers, a process which would exchange for stupid noblemen still more stupid noblemen—because we must trust merely to a hazardous control by the House of Commons, which already the pushed publicists are entreating to be patriotic—that is to continue to have faith in the lordly incapacity and high-bred imbecility which have succeeded in throwing away, one year, 20,000 gallant fellows, and about 20,000,000*l.* of money, with results so clearly favourable to Russia that she finds herself in a position sufficiently dignified to admit of her making proposals of peace, and securing the alliance of the German Powers.

But, as Liberals, we can see consolations. The more Lord Aberdeen attempted to preserve peace, the more did he ensure an in-

tensity in the inevitable war—disgusting mankind with diplomacy, both on moral and intellectual grounds, accustoming our own passive public to the idea of war as not destructive to commerce, and affording opportunities to journalists, to orators, and to conspiring political parties, to appeal to human sympathies in favour of the oppressed, and to arouse human passions against the oppressor. And, so to the end. The catastrophes which have attended the petty and clerky conceptions of the war have educated the public of Europe into an idea of the greatness and grandeur of the war; and, at this moment, so gloriously has opinion grown, so superbly has the national heart beat in holy horror of the illustrious agents of that "law and order" so recklessly sacrificed, the war has completely changed its character. For we are no longer, in the British estimation, at war for the defence of Turkey: we are at war for the destruction of Russia. Great principles are again in agitation: great thoughts are lifting a great nation into a magnificent realisation of its own strength, of its supreme position, and of its human duties to humanity. England seems about to stand in her grandest attitude: not waiting the technical enfranchisement in which her pedant politicians of the Russell cast would seek to enslave her, she faces Europe as a nation of freemen going forth for Freedom. The day of Liberalism is coming at last.

The eloquent oration of M. Kossuth will deepen the tone of the present political feeling. The sarcasms which have been levelled at him are not worthy of our press: the writers who think him harmless because he is so passionately illogical forget that logic does not govern the world—that men worship genius and follow it. M. Kossuth takes his point of view in preference to that of English statesmen, and he is, in consequence, a dangerous leader for England. Foreigners contrast the English system with the Austrian or Russian system—they exaggerate our felicities; and because our public opinion is supreme in commerce, finance, and internal administration, they assume that the English people direct in *haute politique*. The English people will, we fully believe, take their way in this wonderful, convulsive, revolutionary war now commencing; and if the English aristocracy do not lead, the English aristocracy will be put on one side. But, meanwhile, M. Kossuth forgets that we are governed by a cabinet only indirectly responsible to a Parliament which is impotent when the nation is apathetic; and that, because of that circumstance, it is simply absurd to advise England to join an American or a French republic in converting Europe into a federalism of independent nationalities. Hence his error in thinking that England was wrong, either in regard to principle or to strategy, in going to the Crimea instead of subsidising himself, Mazzini, and Lord Dudley Stuart, in order to foment internal wars in the great despotisms. We began the war in order to rescue Turkey from Russia; we drove Russia across the Pruth; and we next attempted to drive her out of the Crimea—thus ridding the Black Sea of her fleet, her *prestige*, and her menace of Turkey. We have found that our fleets, so invaluable in preserving England, are of little use in assailing other powers. What would have become of us if we had not sought, in the first instance, the alliance of France, and, next, the neutrality of Germany? Though all Europe were against us, as happened in Nelson's and Napoleon's time, we could maintain our own island and our commerce in safety; but as our business was to drive Russia out of Turkish territory, it was properly our first care to secure the armies which we ourselves were without. Nevertheless, M. Kossuth's appeal to English

sympathies is not likely to go unregarded. The correction is spreading that the war opening up is the deluge of which many Metternichs have spoken—of which Napoleon prophesied as the inevitable sequel of that artificial packing of nationalities to which infamous diplomacy resorted in the celebrated interment of principles accomplished by the Holy Alliance in 1815. And England, instinctively conscious that Louis Napoleon is a political parenthesis, and that Russia represents a mysterious and sacred solidarity, of which every other despotism forms a secret part, is feeling that if the struggle comes she must depend upon nations and not on dynasties. Thus, though M. Kossuth will not induce the English public to threaten a revolution unless the English governing class common struggling nationalities to arms, yet he effects his main purpose in preparing our nation for possible contingencies. 1848 may come again; and England's position will then, indeed, be different. It may be that, in accordance with that low morale which permits Lord Derby to play with Protection, and suggests to Mr. Disraeli to raise a Protestant cry, the Tories may, in the coming Session, talk popular principles, and affect the revolutionary ardour which was taken up by the Whigs when the first French revolution found them out of office—despised by the people, and abhorred by the Crown. But our clever and conscientious nobles, like Lord Aberdeen, tremble at the storm that is being raised; and we have to calculate, in considering the future, what may be the disposition of Louis Napoleon to carry on a war upon principles to the suppression of which he is indebted for his own sullen and sinister success.

Russia has made, is making, proposals of peace speciously contrived to afford to the European governing powers an opportunity of eluding the war. Our own Government would not dare to entertain these proposals until they have repaired their failures. But the Russian armies are, perhaps, now retreating from the Crimea; this "movement" would support the conspiracy at Vienna; and, then, our timid and treacherous rulers could escape from a contest to which their genius is unequal—it is so likely that Louis Napoleon would refuse to prosecute hostilities beyond the point which Russia succeeds of admitting him on equal terms with herself into the possession of Constantinople. Treaties before now have been effected by treasonable nobles in defiance of English wishes: let us be thankful that Parliament is meeting to preserve us from a treaty of Utrecht. Lord John Russell is pledged to the destruction of Sebastopol; but was not Dunkerque destroyed? Kossuth's warning to us against secret diplomacy is permanently serviceable.

Public opinion in England is omnipotent—if organised. There are, in Parliament, as we have frequently said, materials for a National Party; but they cannot succeed unless they are backed by a National Party in the country. Why not a League? Not merely of Friends of Italy, or Friends of Hungary, or Friends of Poland, but of Friends of England!

THE LEADER POLICY IN OFFICE.

We shall have to become a Ministerial journal just as Mahomet's Mountain was bound to be converted to the Mussulman faith. It is not that we go to the official Mahomet, but the Ministerial Prophet comes to us. Government has adopted the *Leader* policy—a Winter Session, a Loan, and Militia Regiments sent abroad. So at least the *Times* declares as to the Loan, and everybody believes; so the *Globe* proclaims as to the Militia; and so the *Gazette* announces as to the Winter Session. If Ministers adopt our policy in block, all that

we have to do is to see that they keep up to our standard in detail.

If militia regiments are sent abroad, they must be sent to do something, and not to be imprisoned outside Sebastopol, or merely stationed uselessly to prevent the insurrection of the Ionians against Sir Henry Ward, or to give sufficient men for dressing the parade ground at Malta. When we spoke of sending militia regiments abroad, it was presumed that they would be sent for service. There is, however, perhaps, some difference between long-trained regiments of the regular army and the new levy of the militia. The latter are not quite weaned from the national feeling, and they could hardly act with such zeal as the mere mechanical soldier might against, say, any patriot corps, should the blind treachery of officialism betray the Government of England into anti-national alliance. The use of militia regiments abroad, therefore, far more than it did in Wellington's day, necessitates the adoption of a really national policy on the part of our Government.

The Loan is only a concession to common sense and ourselves. It is not the worse because moneyed men in the City happen to be anxious for it. The idea of paying for a great war out of current income is such an absurdity in itself, that the proposition proves how little Ministers intended that the war should be a great war. It was to have been a kind of yachting and parade affair, which might be paid for out of pocket-money. The principle of paying for nothing that cannot be paid for within the year would entail ruin on the capitalist, and must have crippled the country. Suppose a man were precluded from purchasing an estate, however valuable it might be, unless he could provide the purchase-money out of his year's income; or suppose his patrimony were ravaged by flood or pestilence, and he could procure no works for its redemption, no succour for its cultivators except out of current revenue: the estate would pass by without purchasers, the patrimony would lie waste and desert, and the current income itself would cease. Yet such are but slight parallels of the spendthrift pedantry which was to have been penny-wise and not pound-foolish, but million-foolish.

Wanting money and power, Ministers are obliged to summon Parliament in order to obtain both. Granting more money and more power, members have a right to know how those two engines are to be used. Are we to continue sending troops to the Crimea just sufficient to keep up the loss by sorties, surprises, and disease? Are income and expenditure to be balanced in that way? Are we to protract beyond the necessary period the doubtful alliance of Austria, and to waste our blood and treasure in recovering provinces that may afterwards be given back to Russia, or to Russia's servants, in order to maintain the balance of power in Europe? We do not desire any pompous or theatrical arraignment of Ministers for the English blood already expended; we do not care for apologies or explanations; but we do care to know that, if the present Ministers are to be entrusted with more money and more power than any Ministers since the peace began, they are prepared to conduct the war on a scale commensurate with the power thus given to them, and on principles endeared to this country since the peace?

THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

We may boast of our greatness, but we have yet to find whether we are greater than Russia—whether we can hold her in check, or must be checked by her. We go to besiege her in Sebastopol, and she besieges us. We denounce her at Vienna, and she circumvents

us in Vienna and Berlin too. We are quite sure that we do not possess a single servant East of the Russian frontier; we are not sure that Russia does not possess servants innumerable, not only within the countries where we meet her as an enemy, but in our own—her servants, not only among the spies, but even in our highest places and most trusted offices. She is greater than we in these things, precisely because we are greater than she is in local Government or commerce: we have attended to business, commercial and parochial; she has attended to military business and diplomatic influences. We boast of our strength, and do not find that she yields, as, in deference to our prejudiced pride, she was bound to do at the first stroke. Our difficulty was anticipated by a writer who wrote from the experience of the past war.

"The page of history," says Pasley, in his "Military Policy," "exhibits to nations, if they could attend to it without being deluded by vanity and pride, the instructive lesson of one state constantly overpowering another, not by superior freedom, virtue, and patriotism—for the free, the corrupted, and the enslaved, have equally fallen in their turns—but by having more numerous, braver, better organised and better commanded armies, with a more vigorous system of martial policy, and a better mode of repairing disasters in war."

The mistake has brought about its correction. We have permitted the other powers of Europe to acquire a martial organisation so much stronger than ours, that they have insolently endeavoured to use their strength upon us, and in attempting to retort the provocation, we find the necessity of going to school. We have permitted the array of martial strength to be ranged entirely on the side of absolutist royalty, until the total defeat of English principles and commercial extension have obliged us to take up arms and resist the power we have helped to establish. Whether we will or not, we are obliged to become once more a military nation. We are compelled to provide an escort for our trade, we are compelled to arm Liberalism, to defend the independence of England against military tyranny; and because we have an army inferior to those with whom we contend, we are obliged to fall back upon the body of the people to eke out the regulars with militiamen.

Necessity is the great teacher of the remedy for the modern mistake. It was not with a disarmed people and a mercenary army that England was organised when she acquired her power abroad and her independence at home. The men who won at Cressy and Poitiers were militiamen; Cromwell's army were volunteers; Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights were given to freemen by kings who had neither exchequer nor arms independent of their subjects. Conviction and affection may do much; but rely on them altogether, and you leave all that you hold dear at the mercy of rapine and violence. As it is with the householder, so it is with the nation: the man who is not armed to resist violence or oppression is an object of contempt, and will be the victim of brute force, unless he learn to beat brute force at its own weapons. In the school of adversity we are learning national manliness.

It is consolatory to see with what cheerful exultation Englishmen accept a healthy vigour which is forced upon them. Men are wanted for the militia—they come forth: volunteers are wanted from the militia into the line—they advance: militia regiments are wanted abroad—they are impatient to be sent. But, with militia regiments sent abroad, we shall want new forces at home. Of what kind? There are two kinds, not only alternative, but capable of combination—a militia force and a volunteer force. The militia is in some respects the most handy. It is a nursery for the line, and it is under orders; but excepted from ordi-

nary civil law, it must be an exceptional body; and designed for a poorer class, it is necessarily less independent than a volunteer force. Consequently, it cannot, like that, be *everywhere*. But a time is coming when we shall require a guard everywhere. If Russia be not foiled, if she be triumphant in the Crimea, she will grow insolent, aggressive, and invading; and we may have to pay at Southampton for injuries inflicted at Sebastopol. We are in no fear of such a sequel, because we believe that Russia will be foiled, beaten—and rendered desperate; and if she can evade us, she will invade us. We may look out for “sea kings,” or for more regular enemies, if Russia, which is not impossible, should beat us in council. Hence we want a force *everywhere*. This indicates an adoption of the American law—that every able-bodied citizen, who is not in a militia regiment, should be in some volunteer corps authorised and recognised by the State.

The Parliament must give the hint before we can expect Englishmen, the most herding community in the world, to come forward generally. Each waits first to see what everybody else means to do. In the mean time, however, those who really understand the necessity and the opportunity would do a public service by setting a timely example. There must be many a serviceable man wishing to familiarise himself with the use of modern weapons and combined action, could the men only be introduced to each other, and be provided with a good plan and a good commander. The plan would in a great degree depend upon the general feeling and circumstances of each corps; and the power of accommodating the plan to circumstances is one incident that renders volunteer corps superior to the militia. For a commander would be required—a man not unacquainted with military life—a patriot, a gentleman of leisure, of social position, and of manners calculated to engage confidence. It is not impossible to find such men. The first well-organised corps would, of course, be inspired by the wish to become a model for imitators, the leading competitor for state recognition. It might be a model, especially as to its arms and accoutrements; and the remark would apply equally to an artillery corps. Russia is cultivating the use of the rifle—why should not we? That is the aim of the day; but our volunteer corps could not make such mistakes as a Government can make, and send its men into the field with “Brown Bess!”

Even such a beginning would mark the commencement of a restoration from the degraded state in which England has been placed—as a people disarmed, and kept down by a mercenary army at the bidding of the officials. With arms returned to them, Englishmen would once more hold the right secured to them by the boasted Bill of Rights, and would become, in fact as well as name, constitutionally self-governing.

MEN AND HORSES FOR THE ARMY.

EXTRAORDINARY occasions supersede ordinary rules of action. When the deity who presided over the snow-storm in the theatre found his white paper exhausted, and told the manager that he could no longer snow white, “Then,” said the inventive provincial Elliston, “if you cannot snow white, you must snow brown;” and a sudden substitution of material cast a lurid glare over the snow-storm more awful than the white paper with which the sublime scene commenced. Necessity often suggests improvements. We want trained soldiers in the Crimea, and there is some difficulty in supplying the want at once; but there are resources which our authorities appear to neglect. They seem to have only no idea but the naked one of their requirements; and yet they

have soldiers ready made to their hand. At this moment there are a large number of soldiers, brave men and well trained, under confinement for offences of various grades against military laws. Some few of these offences, perhaps, are of a serious nature, but we believe they are mostly of comparatively slight gravity; and this is not a time to stand on niceties. Give these men a free pardon on condition that they at once serve in the Crimea, and we do not for a moment doubt that they would to a man gladly and rejoicingly accept the offer to wipe out the stain upon them by serving their country. We are not certain as to their numbers, but whatever they may amount to, they would be welcomed at Balaclava with a new style of forget and forgive.

There is, however, no reason why the authorities should adhere exclusively to a direct supply of soldiers. The force can be effectually augmented by another process. Our soldiers are employed in the East in all kinds of operations, and particularly, as the *Times* has remarked, in the work of navigators. Now, as a body, soldiers are inferior in that line to the workmen employed in the construction of railway works; and a force of four or five thousand navigators sent out to work in the trenches would more than add five thousand worth of vigour to the army for purely military purposes; while, trained to discipline, the navigators themselves would become a direct addition to the number of fighting hands on the spot.

Again, there is a sudden demand for horses, the want of which prevents the employment of some regiments of heavy dragoons or Life Guards. Now there is on hand a supply, not only of good horses, but of those who are attested and trained: they are the horses of the mounted police. Rogues and vagabonds are serious enemies; but we could for a season confront their invasions for ourselves, in order to strengthen our force against the Russians. The police, dismounted, might be supplied again by degrees; but a strong muster of horses could be collected as fast as they could be brought up from the provinces and from Ireland.

THE Bessarabian Campaign.

WAR grows with winter. In the good old times armies went into winter quarters when the snow began to fall and the wind to bring frost upon its wings. But with the progress of civilisation the art of destruction progresses too; and so enlightened are we, and so hurriedly do we live, that our warriors no longer stop to take breath in November in order that they may renew operations in March. The value of time is felt in this fast period of the world's history; and grim old Winter does not bar the road to victory, although he naturally augments the horrors of defeat. Thus we must fight, more or less, it seems, through the winter in the Crimea; and not only there, but, rumour will have it, in Bessarabia also.

For some hundred years or so the field of warfare between Russia and Turkey gradually contracted around Constantinople. Peter the Great ventured to the Pruth, and, being surrounded, was only saved by the address of Catherine, who managed to persuade the Grand Vizier to let her husband go. Subsequently dire battles were fought between Turk and Russian on both banks of the Dniester and the left bank of the Pruth. Catherine crept along the coast, took Oczakow, the Crimea, and Ismail, and carried her flag to the Dniester. In our own day we have seen the Russian frequently at home in the Principalities, seen him win the Danube, pass the Balkan, seize Adrianople, and go as far south as Rodosto. But the West being alarmed at the loss of the Danube and the danger of Constantinople, the margin of resistance is thrust back again to the old battle-fields; the Western warriors are

actually in the country of the Crim Tartars; and the Turk carries the Crescent to the waters of the Pruth.

Omar Pasha, we are told, is marching into Moldavia, where his advanced sentinels have for some time walked their rounds within sight of the white jackets of the Austrians; and is about, in conjunction with two divisions or 20,000 men of the French army, to undertake a winter campaign. That the severities of a winter in those regions do not stop military operations there are some striking evidences. Oczakow was taken on the 17th December, 1788; Ismail on the 22nd December, 1790. Last year Omar Pasha began the campaign in November, and fought the battle of Citate in the snow on the 6th of January following. In the Peninsula war Sir John Moore advanced and retreated in the winter months at the close of 1807; and Wellington warred through the Pyrenees, fighting frequent battles, all the winter of 1813-14. Allowing that the winter is an impediment, yet it is not insuperable; and therefore, as far as ice and snow are concerned, a campaign in Bessarabia is possible. It is quite another question whether it be probable.

What are the facts. The Turkish army is the first element in the estimate of probabilities—is the Turkish army fit for a summer, much more a winter campaign, beyond the Pruth? The bulk of the Ottoman army is, generally speaking, composed of men capable of being manufactured into a splendid soldiery; but there are many other considerations to keep in view. The battalion officers know little or nothing of the art of war; they seldom have an education or spirit higher than that of the men; and they and the higher officers are but little accustomed to the theory or practice of war; consequently, in spite of the great services which Omar Pasha has rendered to the Turkish army, we cannot account it a machine at all calculated to enter upon so momentous an operation as a regular offensive campaign. Nor are its numbers such as to enable Omar Pasha to act with large masses. Even in June last it is not likely that he had 120,000 men at his command on both banks of the Danube; and that force, scantily supplied with reinforcements, has probably dwindled down to a much inferior number. It is true that the Austrians garrison both the Principalities, but some Turks must be left in Widdin, Kalafat, Silistria, Rustchuk, Giurgevo, Schumla, and Varna; and the force that Omar Pasha could place upon the Pruth would most likely not greatly exceed 45,000 bayonets, a few thousand sabres, and a good proportion of guns. But, it will be said, this is a respectable army—an army which the promised French divisions would raise to about 70,000 men. And it would be a strong force but for the causes above specified: imperfect drill, worse than useless officers, and the absence of confidence among the men in themselves. Behind the Danube, acting on the defensive, under able officers, these Turks would certainly behave well; take away these advantages, attempt a winter campaign in Bessarabia, and there is strong ground for believing they would be irretrievably ruined.

For the enterprise would be one of difficulty even to the soldiers of the West—unless conceived and conducted on a grand scale. The line of the Pruth is not strong, is passable at many points, and not difficult of mastery. But below its confluence with the Danube there is the Russian fortress of Ismail, strongly garrisoned, and on the flank and rear of any force operating upon Kichenau. Bessarabia is not deprived of its usual garrison; neither are Kherson in its front and Podolia on its flank, without a good share of troops. Even supposing 20,000 Frenchmen, aided by river steamers, could besiege Ismail with any chance of success, can we also suppose that Omar Pasha's army could

operate in the field against soldiers whose discipline stands proof against the Minié musketry of the Allies in the Crimea? Certainly not. A campaign in Bessarabia must be made in one of two ways: either by the allied armies in great force, in conjunction with the Turks, or by the advance of an adequate number of Austrians to co-operate with the Turks. The last contingency is not likely: and Louis Napoleon's Russian campaign might therefore be as disastrous as that of his uncle—unless he improves upon his uncle's policy—by securing friendly nationalities behind him.

SWEET-LIVED EVANS.

"I CONSIDER our lives are as sweet as the passengers'," said James Evans, one of the crew of the *Forerunner*; "it is every one for himself," he added. The opinions thus expressed are new-fangled, as belonging to sailors; but they are not limited to James Evans. Mr. Stewart, the chief mate, "thought it his duty to save his own life." As soon as the danger was apparent, Captain Johnstone ran down into the cabin to save some chronometers and gold. A jury at San Francisco have censured Captain Randall and the crew of the *Yankee Blade* for abandoning the wreck, and leaving the passengers at the mercy of weather and plunderers. Nor are these the first instances of this growing disposition amongst sailors to abandon their charge. Hitherto it has been the custom of sailors to give the first chance to women and children; that principle was strikingly exemplified at the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, where the women and children were put into boats, and the soldiers went down, standing in parade order; not one man of the whole body endeavouring to snatch a chance that the others could not share, or that might be filched from some other creature more helpless. Did these men owe no "duty to themselves?" or, did they not rather fulfil their duty best, when, by their death, they confirmed the grand rule, that wherever there is a manly man, the safety of the helpless is sought for before his own. A contemporary has pointed out the fact that, if that rule were abandoned, sailors would lose, even commercially, since there could never be the same confidence for the landsman as a passenger if he believed that the seaman would selfishly seek his own safety and leave the unskilful passenger to his fate.

But what we quarrel with chiefly is the philosophy of the principle laid down by Mr. Evans. At that same wreck of the *Forerunner* there was a Mr. Childs, who exerted himself to save a lady and child, and lost his own life. Now, according to the Evans philosophy, the crew of the *Yankee Blade* should have received a higher dispensation from Providence than the soldiers on board the *Birkenhead*; and James Evans better endowed than Lieutenant Childs, should teach him philosophy. Now we take our stand upon the point blank contradiction of James Evans's starting point—that one man's life is as sweet to him as another's. It is quite the reverse. A grave moral was uttered by the alderman who astounded his guests at a private feast by bursting into tears because he saw a poor relation "wasting that blessed appetite on mutton!"

There are two essentials to the feast—the food and the palate. The same thing is true of life—it is heaven or hell, or nothing in particular, according to the sense of him that lives. To taste the sweetness of life the sense of it must be keen, therefore the sense must be healthy; therefore the sense is deadened when the man has the disease of selfishness. There are men who, having exhausted the grosser enjoyments of earth, become what is called *blasé*—that is, life to them

has become insipid—has lost its sweetness. They are men whose sense of existence centres in themselves, and all mere appetite palls. To relish life always, and to the full, its highest enjoyment must be derived from those things which are independent of the grosser senses, though the grosser are not independent of the higher. Are we to suppose that any *roué* of a Cockney Leander knows what love is, as it was known to the true Leander of the Hellespont, even in those things which the Cockney would suppose to be common to both? Byron could not rise above Don Juan, though he did swim where "Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and he did;" and he broke down in Childe Harold, because he mistook the "gentish" selfish cunning of Don Juan for a real philosophy. To taste life as Leander tasted it, a man must be so conditioned that its sweetness is derived more from others. And we need as little mourn that man who perished in the *Forerunner* while striving to rescue a woman, as Leander. His life was cut short; but what of it he had would have been worth more in a market of lives than all that James Evans saved, though he live till ninety. Life only realises its full sweetness to him who is prepared to lay it down.

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

BABEL.

—THE editor of the *Leader* will be glad to receive subscriptions for obtaining the release of Cowell, the Preston delegate. His imprisonment for a cause which, right or wrong, was the cause of the working classes, ought not to be permitted by those classes. The sum is under 150*l*.

—Let us all trust that Palmerston, while in Paris, saw Mr. Smith O'Brien, and pledged the Government to a general amnesty to the unfortunates of 1848. The period is appropriate; there is no longer treason in Ireland; and England needs the sympathies of Ireland in this war. The *Cork Examiner* well observes:—

The law has its triumph and its vindication—how or by what means it is now unnecessary to say; but surely the hour for a generous exercise of power has arrived; and the Government could perform no act which would be more gratefully hailed by the people of Ireland than the restoration of Smith O'Brien and his companions in exile to their country, their home, and all their rights, privileges, and duties as citizens and freemen.

—The following astounding circular has been received at the newspaper offices:—"Philosophy.—Sir,—M. Coyteux has the honour to announce that he intends giving Four Public Lectures, to which the admission will be gratuitous, upon a new System of Philosophy, of which he is the author, and which overthrows all the different systems which have hitherto been brought before the public attention. These lectures will be delivered in French, and be translated during their progress into English. M. Coyteux requests the honour of your company during the delivery of these Lectures, which will be held at the Royal Marionette Theatre, the first on Friday next, December 1, 1854."

—The sanctity of the Sabbath is scarcely universal. St. Martin's managed a most jovial peal a few Sundays since, because the Duchess of Northumberland had a birthday. Ringing bells is undoubtedly hard work; for which decrepit paupers get paid—and yet such a demonstration is rather obtrusive on a day on which Inkerman class of news is arriving. Not worse than some of the newspapers though. I read lately that the Duke of Somerset was ill—was better—had a relapse—and so on, until I hated the sound of his name. However, it was the first time I ever heard it. Our great "organs" should be above such *Morning-Posty* plushery.

—The exertions for supplying the army with "comforts" have taken an organised shape. Noblemen are plentiful on the committee, and Mr. J. B. Standish Haly is Hon. Sec. They propose to forward warm clothing and provisions (including tea and

coffee) to Balaklava, to be distributed as gifts to non-commissioned officers and privates, and "a supply of articles to be sold at cost price," for the officers we suppose. Besides this, much is effected without organisation. Arthur Smith (brother of Albert) rashly offered to take charge of books and newspapers. He is deluged. Smith and Son, of the Strand, have given 2500 volumes; Routledge and others have sent large numbers. Fortnum and Mason are giving packing-cases. Private yachts are fitted out, two or three of which will be devoted to the carriage of the Christmas dinner of William Russell, *Times* correspondent: a suit of clothes, full-sized, would be acceptable, I dare say, for the last time I heard of him he was dressed in some regimentals, which were terribly "undress." He is likely to be a popular man on the 25th, for his dinner will comprise every inconceivable luxury that will keep, with a good supply of liquors of course. He deserves this kindness, if only on public grounds. His letters are national benefactions—literary miracles.

—There is queer news about town of the only coward that has ever been known in the British army. He is one of our aristocracy—not one of those thousands who have got seventeen commissions among them, and of whom only one, Sergeant Sullivan, has been mentioned in a despatch. We cannot be libellous: the greater the truth, the greater the libel: let us say, therefore, of the unhappy poltroon, that he is the Lord Knows Who.

—"The Princes" are very unfortunate in this warfare. Prince Napoleon has always been going to Constantinople to recover his health. The Duke of Cambridge has fared worse: his mind has been so affected by the horrors of the campaign that he is said to be retiring from active service. At the same time it should be admitted that both behaved gallantly in the field. At Alma the grand form of Prince Napoleon was as conspicuous as that of Henry at Ivry; and at Inkerman the Duke of Cambridge displayed the hereditary valour of his race. But both went into the Crimea under protest; and have had neither the nerve nor patience to suffer with the rest.

The Monarchs have been still more unfortunate. The whole failure of the campaign is fairly attributable to the incomplete intellect of Louis Napoleon. The Russian attack at Inkerman was upon a plan prepared by the Czar himself. These Kaisers ought to see the benefit derived by the English sovereigns in having responsible advisers to take all the blame!

—Will the copyright law (as affecting foreigners) ever be understood? One interpretation is this:—A foreigner has no copyright here unless he resides in this country. It is a doubtful question whether publishers or managers would not profit by inviting their stars over and keeping them whilst they were popular. I am induced to make this observation by the knowledge that Mr. Smith, of Drury Lane, will open his January campaign with *L'Etoile du Nord*, which has been purchased by Gye of Covent Garden. Such a burlesque as it will be will not spoil the Covent Garden market, but the fact is strange. Smith wishes Clara Novello to take the part of *Catherine*, but it is unlikely she will accept. She is more suited for oratorios and serious operas than for the *comique*, which demands intelligent acting, and, above all, *esprit*. Gye has engaged some celebrities, and he will require them, without Grisi and Mario. His acquisitions are Madame Gassier, the Spanish soprano of the Italian Opera at Paris, and her husband. Gardoni is secured, also Bettini. Madame Bosio, Lablache, Ronconi, and Tamberlik are likewise certain. Mitchell is qualified to promise Rachel for next June and July, before she starts for America. She is "terribly shattered in nerves," I hear—I wonder why.

—Well might the poet say "How happy the soldier," &c. Everything is done for his comfort that humanity can suggest. Perhaps the *Chronicle* has made the most benevolent of the recent suggestions. The correspondent in the Crimea is evidently a married man. He touchingly says—"It is sincerely to be desired that in future no soldiers' wives be allowed to proceed to the scene of war. With very few exceptions the characters of the women that have accompanied the expedition to the Crimea have been anything but meritorious. On shore they have misconducted themselves; whilst on board ship they are a perfect nuisance to the unfortunate captain of the transport vessel to whose charge they are committed."

—What of Perry? Surely the possessors of the Fund will never hand it over to him?

—If anything can console a man for dying, it is the knowledge that his absurd-looking monument will be placed where nobody will see it. The crypt of St. Paul's is not a bad place for British statues—but there is a better. The London Necropolis Company offer to let a bereaved nation bury (gratis) her tributes of respect at Woking—where, from the size of the ground, its retired situation, its act of Parliament, and its ghastly character—the monuments are not likely to be disturbed for centuries. Not likely to be disturbed! I should say not.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

NEITHER *Blackwood* nor *Fraser* this month is so political as might have been expected. Both have, of course, articles on "the war"—*Blackwood* in the shape of a "Story of the Campaign," written in a tent in the Crimea, and describing events from the setting out of the expedition to the occupation of Balaklava; and *Fraser* in the shape of "A Retrospect of the War in the East," compiled at home. But neither has any article containing prospective views as to the policy of the war, and calculated to influence public or parliamentary opinion. This is wrong. The magazines ought, generally speaking, to leave the facts of the war to be chronicled by the newspapers, which are certainly doing that duty well; and ought to address themselves, as befits their higher station and their less frequent appearance, to the politics of the war. A vehement magazine article, sounding a distinct note, to be heard by our politicians, might be most effective. Or if magazines will prefer the historical to the hortatory function, why do they not take up that kind of historical function which the newspapers leave them; and, instead of rewriting the mere news of the month, try to clear up for their readers, by lucid expositions, the deeper historical connexions of the present war with Russia. Pan Slavism, the Greek Church, the institutions of Turkey, the past and future of Poland, and such like—these are topics which the newspapers can but glance at, and on which the magazines might do good service. An article in the *National Miscellany*, entitled "The Russian Church, and its Effect upon the present War," answers our notions in this respect, and is a more opportune magazine article at this moment than any in *Blackwood* or *Fraser*. It is not very deep or elaborate; but, so far as it goes, it is interesting and instructive. The writer shows that the Russian Church, though a daughter of the Greek, has really a character of its own, the result of purely Russian circumstances. He shows also that its power over the Russian mind lies, not in its doctrine or ability to educate the intellect, but in its gaudy and impressive ritual, forming a kind of coarse artistic symbolism, suited to act on the imagination of a barbarous people. Here is an account of one ceremony in that ritual:—

Let us imagine the scene on Easter-eve, and remember the description of people who are to be taught the doctrine of the resurrection: the church is almost dark; the doors of the Ikonostas, which separate the chancel from the body of the church, are closed; a priest occupies the reading-desk, praying in a low and suppressed voice, and occasionally reading a passage of Scripture relating to the events of the week; the whole area is thronged with people, but they are scarcely seen in the gloom, which is broken only by light sufficient to enable the priest to read, and to throw a gleam on a sort of mysterious tomb covered with a pall in the middle of the church. The clock strikes. In a moment the doors of the Ikonostas fly open with a ringing sound, the tomb is removed, the whole church blazes with light, not only from its own illumination, but from the tapers which each individual member of the congregation carries in his hand; the song bursts forth, "Christ is risen, Christ is risen from the dead;" a procession of priests comes forth from the holy doors, singing and swinging their censers; every bell strikes out, and every cannon thunders forth its welcome, while rocket after rocket rushes across the sky.

If *Blackwood* and *Fraser* are defaulters in the political, they do their duty in the literary department. *Blackwood* begins a new romance called "Zaidee," and has a bright vigorous paper on the "Prospects of the Modern Drama," and a few pages of pleasant "Personal Recollections of Christopher North," by the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." Mr. WARREN's recollections of the great "Christopher," are not particularly valuable; but all papers of this kind are welcome. In *Fraser* we note with praise, as a paper out of the usual track, the conclusion of a series of "Sketches of Dutch Literature," giving short accounts of the most celebrated of recent Dutch authors—FEITH, HELMERS, BILDERDYK, TOLLENS, SPANDAW, DE CLEERQ, DA COSTA, VAN TENNEP, TER HAAV, DER PALM, BEETS, MOLL, and others. The number contains also a well-written Notice on "Charles Kemble," with remarks on actors and the drama; a well-read paper on "English Letter-writers of the Eighteenth Century;" and an attack on the Lord Mayor's Show, and on the bad taste of the corporation in holding expensive festivities while our troops in the East are suffering such hardships. Agreeing with the writer so far, we cannot say that we see the logic of his argument against festivities at the present time. Certain coincidences ought to be avoided as in bad taste; but very different things may and must go on simultaneously in this world of ours. Let us say, for the gratification of many, that there is in this number of *Fraser*, a poem of some length by FREDERICK TENNYSON, entitled "A Legend of Despair." It contains beautiful lines, but, on the whole, its meaning is obscure, and it must be read in much faith.

The *Southern Quarterly Review* is an American publication—not in very flourishing circumstances, as we learn from a rather urgent appeal by the publisher to his subscribers to rally round him—devoted to the discussion of political social, religious, and literary questions, from the point of view of the Southern States. The great object seems to be to uphold "the domestic constitution" of slavery; and in almost all the papers the object is visible. For instance, the opening paper, entitled "On the Unity of the Human Race," is, in reality, a plea for the diversity of the human race. The writer reviews the controversy, adduces the great names on both sides, states the Scriptural

and ethnological arguments for and against, but decidedly leans to the conclusion that the negro is not a "man and brother." The conclusion of the article, recapitulating its views, is worth quoting:—

The ground now gone over cannot be better recapitulated than in the words of Nott and Gliddon (p. 465). The following points they consider established:

1. That the surface of our globe is naturally divided into several zoological provinces, each of which is a distinct centre of creation, possessing a peculiar fauna and flora; and that every species of animal and plant was originally assigned to its appropriate province.

2. That the human family offers no exception to this general law, but fully conforms to it; mankind being divided into several groups of Races, each of which constitute a primitive element in the fauna of its peculiar province.

3. That history affords no evidence of the transformation of one Type into another, nor of the origination of a new and Permanent Type.

4. That certain Types have been Permanent through all recorded time, and despite the most opposite moral and physical influences.

5. That Permanence of Type is accepted by science as the surest test of specific character.

6. That certain Types have existed (the same as now) in and round the valley of the Nile, from ages anterior to 3500 years B.C., and consequently long prior to any alphabetical chronicles, sacred or profane.

7. That the ancient Egyptians, had already classified mankind, as known to them, into Four Races, previously to any date assignable to Moses.

8. That high antiquity for distinct races is amply sustained by linguistic researches, by psychological history, and by anatomical characteristics.

9. That the primeval existence of man, in widely separate portions of the globe, is proven by the discovery of his osseous and industrial remains, in alluvial deposits and in diluvial drifts; and more especially, of his fossil bones, imbedded in various rocky strata, along with the vestiges of extinct species of animals.

10. That Prolificacy of distinct species, *inter se*, is now proved to be no test of common origin.

11. That those races of men most separated in physical organisation—such as the blacks and the whites—do not amalgamate perfectly, but obey the laws of Hybridity. Hence,

12. It follows, as a corollary, that there exists a *Genus Homo*, embracing many primordial types or "species."

That the diversity theory is absolutely proved, no one can maintain, so long as names venerable in the roll of science hold out against it. But thus much, at least, must, in our judgment, be conceded in a review of the whole subject:—Either there were separate creations of different types of mankind, or man must have existed on earth for chivalds of years. Both of these propositions may be true—one of them must be true.

The reader may like to know who are the chief recent advocates of the "Diversity" theory. The writer of the article enumerates the following:—Morton, Agassiz, Van Amringe, Hamilton, Smith, Burke, Knox, Caldwell, Jaquinet, Hombron, Giebel, Vieve, Bory de St. Vincent, Desmoulins, Broc, Klemm, and Jeune. On the other side he names Pritchard, Latham, Wiseman, Bademan, Smyth, Johnes, Bunsen, Serres, De Salles, Klee, and Buchez.

The *Dublin University* this month, like *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, treats us, in the political department, only to a historical retrospect of the war; but is abundant in literary matter of interest and of various kinds. *Bentley's Miscellany* has a well-timed paper on the "Attitude of Austria," and is particularly rich in light brilliant odds and ends. One article, entitled "Paris Viveur, Bohemian, and Industrial" (a sketch of the eccentricities of Parisian life), is unusually amusing.

Messrs. GRIFFIN of Glasgow announce as forthcoming a collected edition of the works of LORD BROUGHAM, to be issued in parts. By-the-by, it turns out, on the evidence of a manuscript note of the late Lord Cockburn of Edinburgh—the biographer of JEFFREY, and the careful collector during his life of everything relating to the *Edinburgh Review* and Scottish literature generally—that the famous article in the *Edinburgh* on BYRON's "Hours of Idleness," which drew forth the "English bards and Scotch reviewers" and stung BYRON into the splendid revenge of his subsequent career, was written not by JEFFREY, but by BROUGHAM. Lord Cockburn's library, containing many curious and valuable memorials, has just been sold; and a collection of tracts, relating to the *Edinburgh Review*, and Edinburgh politics and literature during the last fifty years, and profusely annotated by Lord Cockburn, has been purchased by the British Museum for 85l. 8s. 6d. The collection consists of 350 volumes of pamphlets, of which about 60 refer to the *Edinburgh Review* alone. These supply, in some cases, the only evidence of the authorship of the essays in that famous periodical.

The death of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, if it leaves no distinct social blank to be filled up, is still an event interesting in all literary circles. Born in Glasgow, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, LOCKHART was educated first in Scotland and afterwards at Oxford. He was destined for the Scottish bar, and had actually begun to practice in Edinburgh, when literature attracted him into another career. It was about 1816, after his return from a tour in Germany, in the course of which he saw GOETHE, that he commenced authorship. It was about the same time that he became acquainted with SCOTT; and from that time, till about 1820, LOCKHART was one of the young Tory writers who gathered round SCOTT, and, in *Blackwood* and elsewhere, kept up the literary reputation of Scottish Toryism. In 1820 he married SCOTT's eldest daughter, SOPHIA; and the four or five years following this marriage were among the happiest and busiest years of his life. The young couple lived near Abbotsford, and it was SCOTT's delight to go over early in the morning, and waken them by throwing gravel up at their bedroom window; and then again in the afternoon, to come, when they

had a dinner party, and assist in pulling up the wine from a well into which it had been let down to cool. There are delightful pictures of these domesticities in the *Life of Scott*. During these calm years LOCKHART wrote his novels—*Valerius*, *Reginald Dalton*, *Adam Blair*, &c.—still esteemed by the judicious as excellent works of fiction. In 1825 he wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* his "Life of Burns," the merits of which are attested by the praises of Mr. CARLYLE, whose Essay on BURNS was in the form of a review of that work. In the same year he succeeded GIFFORD as editor of the *Quarterly*—an office which he retained till very recently. It is chiefly as editor of the *Quarterly* that LOCKHART has, during the last thirty years or so, been known; though during that time he has appeared more than once in the independent walks of authorship, as in his *Spanish Ballads*, and, most notably and beautifully of all, in his *Life of Scott*. Family bereavements accumulating upon him (the death of his wife, that of his favourite son, the "Hugh Littlejohn" of the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and that of SCOTT himself) happened close upon each other; and another son died at a later period) had left a certain moroseness and gloom over LOCKHART's character, which made him chary of society towards the end of his life, and not very popular in it. With health completely shattered he died at Abbotsford—now, by the failure of the male line of SCOTTS, becoming the property of LOCKHART's only surviving daughter and her husband, Mr. HOPE, both of whom are Catholics.

We have received the sixth volume of M. LOUIS BLANC's *History of the French Revolution*, the most brilliant and powerful in style, the most laborious and exact in its accumulation and analysis of original documents, of the many "Histories" of that colossal epoch. The heroes and the victims of the Revolution have been subjected to transformations so violent and so capricious at the hands of fanatical partisans and unscrupulous literary jobbers, that the very scene of a drama played out before the eyes of our fathers has faded into a mirage, and the leading actors appear like the fantastic shadows of a magic lantern.

Perhaps the time is hardly yet arrived to pronounce a solemn and dispassionate judgment upon the men who consummated the conquests of 1789. Certainly pamphlets and romances, equally assuming the noble name of history, have done enough to distort and disfigure their words, their acts, their motives, and their memory. "History" (to quote a recent French writer), "instead of being, as Cicero says, 'the counsellor and guide of the human race,' is too often in these days of ours a mercenary advocate, or a false witness. The greatest of men are at the mercy of historical jobbers, in whose hands they become so many automata, so constructed as to reply *yes* or *no*, as the finger on the spring dictates."

Is not this more especially true of the French Revolution? We shall return to the great work of M. LOUIS BLANC, which, let us hasten to affirm, excels in accuracy as it does in composition. This assertion will encounter the surprise, if not the distrust, of many of our readers, to whom the name of LOUIS BLANC is the name of a party, and of a party for the moment defeated and proscribed. Let us disarm these prejudices, by reminding our readers that M. LOUIS BLANC has lived in exile six years, and this exile he has passed among us in England, in the midst of honourable labours and consoling friendships. Banishment, with all its bitterness, and all its sorrow, has at least this compensation; it restores to the writer calmness, and to the thinker solitude; it enables the statesman, withdrawn from the interests and passions of the hour, to seek a refuge from disenchantment and disgust in the study of a nobler past, and in the tranquil expectation of a better future, and in the mean while to judge the passing illusions with something like the retrospection of posterity.

We have glanced at the chapter in the present volume, in which the celebrated *Day of Dupes*, June 20, 1792, and the invasion of the Tuilleries are described with extraordinary force of narrative painting. In this episode M. LOUIS BLANC corrects the numerous errors and omissions of LAMARTINE and MICHELET, having himself consulted with indefatigable diligence the ample resources of the British Museum, so rich in the official reports and flying sheets of the period. "No doubt," says M. LOUIS BLANC, in a long note appended to this chapter, "M. DE LAMARTINE has involuntarily misled his readers, having been himself misled." But this only shows with what care historical researches should be conducted. When there is an abundance of contradictory evidence on an event, it is indispensable to take them one by one, to weigh, compare, confront them. A tedious and distasteful task, no doubt! But truth requires it. An historian should be an examining magistrate before being a painter.

This excellent doctrine has, we think we may say, been practised by the preacher, and it will give this history a permanent and particular value. Of course M. LOUIS BLANC has his predilections; but nothing is more remarkable than the respect, we were about to say the emotion, with which he brings out all that deserves our sympathy and our commiseration in the suffering dynasty of the unfortunate king, the victim at once of folly and fatality.

For delightful reading this history is not surpassed. The magic of the style is intoxicating, and yet with all its warmth and colour it never loses the masculine terseness of Thucydides and the epigrammatic concision of Tacitus.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the Magnificent, has surpassed himself in his latest dedication. This is the form in which he inscribes a drama, which he had concocted without acknowledgment from three plays of an obscure German, to Victor Hugo:—

"To you, my dear Hugo, I dedicate my drama of *Conscience*.
"Receive it as the testimony of an affection which has survived exile, and which, I trust, will survive death itself.
"I believe in the immortality of the soul."

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

Is not this confession of faith worthy of the early martyrs?

HEINRICH HEINE.

Vermischte Schriften von Heinrich Heine. 3 Bänd.

Hamburg: Hoffman and Campe, 1854. London: Trübner and Co.

SOME three months ago the advance-guard (in these warlike times, military expressions are perhaps admissible) of these volumes appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* in the shape of a French version of the greater portion of the chief and most important article of this collection. A few weeks ago we also gave our readers an account of that remarkable article; and now that we have since read, not only that article in its entirety, and in the native language of its author, but the whole of the multifarious contents of this publication, we hasten to supplement our former notice. To those who fully know the accurate rank of Heinrich Heine in the selectest aristocracy of letters no apology for returning to these, his *novissima verba*, will be needed. Those who do not, should this notice lead them, by a perusal of his writings, to arrive at that knowledge, will not only require no apology, but will return us their sincerest thanks. For the rest, it is not saying much, that in these times when literature has become in all Europe a mere *vade-mecum* to the attainment of an accurate knowledge of the war, in all its branches, this publication is by far the most important the literary world has seen this many a day.

The only hiatus in the French version of the *Confessions*, was an attack of light railery on Madame de Staël and her celebrated *De l'Allemagne*, which is a masterpiece of Heine's peculiar manner of thought and diction. The more salient portions of this attack the reader will find appended. This renowned book, written secretly from pique at the authoress's treatment in France, but ostensibly to glorify the Germans, has met with small favour from the pens of Germans. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* may be true enough; but *fas est ab hoste laudari*, appears to be a maxim repugnant to our German brothers. Shortly after the publication of *De l'Allemagne*, Richter cut it up in detail; and now Heine has given it an effectual *coup de grace*, by assailing its fundamental spirit, and has hung upon its grave *immortelles* of wit and humour. Richter's intellectual calibre, by fifty years' labour, has now got solemnly recognised by the English reading world; if that same world take the trouble to read Heine and Richter here on the same ground, any gloomy ideas as to the degeneracy of to-day will be happily dissipated. In addition to this article, Volume I. contains the original version of *The Gods in Exile*, which appeared in the *Revue* in the spring; a fanciful ballet-piece, called *The Goddess Diana*; a memorial of the late Ludwig Marcus; and some hundred pages of fugitive poems, all written from his sick bed since the *Romanzero*. To those who value Heine chiefly as a poet (and it is difficult to say whether he is greater as poet or prosaist), this will be the most acceptable portion of these volumes. As far as exquisite melody, as far as performing on the intricacy of the German language with an ease never approached, as far as playful humour and biting sarcasm are concerned, they are equal to any of Heine's poems in his best days; his seriousness and feeling for the purely beautiful are not here, however. But these poems are chiefly valuable to the student of human nature, as presenting a spectacle perhaps unique in the history of that remarkable biped, the literary man. Poor and broken in body and purse, Heine calls himself fitly enough Lazarus; but instead of whining and lying a beggar at Dives' gates, the imperial mind asserts her supremacy over the shattered body, refuses to surrender the fleshly fortress while a chance remains, and taking up the lyre that has won him his glory, Heine solaces his misery in a most characteristic fashion—by getting out of it all the humour he can. We may mention, in leaving these poems, that for the most part they defy translation.

Volumes II. and III. have a sub-title of *Lutezia*, and consist of Heine's letters from Paris, and elsewhere in France, to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* in the years 1840 to 1844, revised, corrected, and with explanations and additions written at the present time. They give a full picture of the political, social, musical and art worlds of Paris in the hey-day of Louis Philippe's reign. Especially are they valuable in their accounts and estimates of men. In these pages one may get an idea of Guizot, Thiers, Berryer, Larochefoucauld, Baron Rothschild, Louis Blanc, and nearly all the celebrities of France from 1830 to 1848, clearer, more vivid, and, in the intensest spiritual sense, truer, than from any other source with which we are acquainted. In the whole series there is not a dull page; always there is elegance of composition, humour, wit, sarcasm, and refinement of taste and expression. But not unfrequently there are opinions and judgments so acute as, read by the light of subsequent events, to appear almost prophetic. Also in the addenda there is much interesting information regarding the past life of Heine; but as we believe that he is at present engaged on a complete autobiography, we may well leave these without calling especial attention to them. We may observe that the whole of our extracts (except that about De Staël) are taken from *Lutezia*.

In a hundred years, or less, when Heine has become as thoroughly *passé* as he is now intensely modern, and when a new Heine is craving recognition, the British public will have perceived what manner of man he was, as they have just recently come to perceive what manner of men Goethe, Schiller, and Richter were. The wise bow before the Inevitable. It is useless to seek to forestall events, else we might close our notice by endeavouring to indicate what Heine's literary rank is, and why it is so; else we might have pointed out, that for years students of foreign literature have desired the union of the French genius with the German, to produce a literary compound possible but improbable; and we might have asked whether

that union was not to be found in Heine. But we refrain, and close our notice by expressing our fervent hope that the time may be far distant ere Heine's six-years sick-bed becomes a bed of death, and that we may often have the pleasure of calling the attention of the readers of the *Leader* to fresh products of so rich and great a mind.

MADAME DE STAEL AND "DE L'ALLEMAGNE."

Is the common anecdote true regarding the origin of de Staël's celebrated *mot*, which I remember to have heard even as a boy as one of the *bons mots* of the empire? It runs, that when Napoleon was First Consul, Madame de Staël presented herself at his residence, to prefer a request; but although the officer in attendance assured her in the most positive manner that he could not be seen, she insisted peremptorily on being announced to the illustrious person. But when the latter expressed his sorrow that he could not see the celebrated lady, for the simple reason that he was in his bath, she returned the famous answer that *that was no impediment, for genius was of no sex*. I cannot answer for the truth of this story: but if it be untrue, it is at any rate well invented. It shows the assiduity with which the fiery lady pestered the Emperor. He had no repose from her attentions. She got it firmly into her head that the greatest man of the age should be coupled with its greatest woman more or less ideal. . . . But when the good lady discovered that all her assiduity led to no result, she did what any woman would have done, she declared against the Emperor, argued against his brutal and ungallant rule, and argued until the police requested her absence. She fled to us in Germany, where she collected the materials for her celebrated book, wherein German spiritualism is celebrated as the ideal of all empire, in opposition to the material empire of France. With us she made a great discovery. She became acquainted with a *servant* of the name of August Wilhelm Schlegel. He was a genius without sex. He became her faithful cicerone, and accompanied her on her journeys through all the garrets of German literature. She wore a tremendous turban, and was the sultana of mind. She made all our literary men pass in review before her, and parodied the great Sultan of Matter. And as the latter inquired: How old are you? how many children have you? how long have you served? &c., so asked she of our *servants*: How old are you? what have you written? are you Kantian or Fichtean? and such little questions; the answers to which the lady hardly noticed, but which the faithful Mameluke, A. W. Schlegel, her Rustau, hastily entered in his note-book. And as Napoleon had said that she was the greatest woman who had borne most children, so Madame de Staël declared that he was the greatest man who had written the most books. . . . Her visit was a spiritual billeting, which fell chiefly on the learned. . . . The good lady saw in us just what she wanted to see: a misty spirit-land, where men without bodies, all virtue, wandered over snow-fields, and entertained themselves with discourses of morals and metaphysics.

FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

When a woman writes, she has always one eye on her paper, while the other is directed to some man. This is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-hahn, who has only one eye.

HEINE'S OPINION OF LOUIS BLANC IN 1840.

He has a great future before him, and he will play a great part, though perhaps a short one.

HEINE ON THE RUSSO-TURKISH DIFFICULTY OF 1840.

Yes, the so-called Dardanelles question is of the most supreme importance, and not merely for the interested powers, but for us all, for the least as much as the greatest; for the destiny of the world itself is here the Question, and this Question must be solved at the Dardanelles, in some way. So long as this be not settled, Europe will sicken with a hidden malady, that will leave her no peace, and which will come to a rupture, the later the more horribly. . . . Were the principle of people's sovereignty sanctioned, the fall of the Mussulman empire would not be so disastrous for the rest of the world. But in the greatest part of Europe rules yet the Doctrine of Absolutism, whereby land and people are the possession of the Princes, and this possession is to be won by the law of Force, by the *ultima ratio regis*, by cannon-right. What wonder that none of the high potentates grudge Russia the great prize, and wish for a bit of the eastern cake themselves! they will gain an appetite when they see how pleasantly the barbarians of the North manage matters, and the smallest German duodecimo prince will at least try to get his beer-money. This is the human reason why the fall of Turkey would be disastrous. *The political reasons why certainly England, France, and Austria can never let Russia take Constantinople, are plain to a school-lad.*

RUSSIAN MODERATION IN 1840, WHEN THEY HAVE GAINED THEIR POINT.

They speak of Turkey with a sweet, almost Quaker-like peacefulness. They remind me of the fable of the wolf, which, when he was hungry, seized a sheep. With ravenous haste he ate the two fore-legs, but he spared the hind-legs of the animal and said: "I am now satisfied, and to this good sheep, that has dined me with his fore-legs, I leave from motives of piety all his remaining legs, and the entire balance of his body."

THIERS' LOQUACITY.

No one else can say a word while Thiers is talking, and it is only when he shaves that one can get a chance of being listened to by him. Only while the razor is at his throat is he silent, and vouchsafes attention.

THIERS' ORATORY.

Thiers can speak from morning till midnight, unwearied, ever new sparkling thoughts, ever new plays of wit flashing forth, rejoicing his audience, teaching, blinding—one might say a spoken firework.

A BANKER'S POLITICS.

I myself am sometimes quite a Republican. You perceive, if I put my hand in my right breeches pocket, where my money is, the contact with the cold metal makes me tremble, I fear for my possessions, and I feel intensely monarchic; but if I put my hand in my left breeches pocket, which is quite empty, all fear vanishes, and I whistle the *Marseillaise*, and shout for the Republic!

FASHIONABLE CHURCH-GOING.

"God receives many visitors to-day," I said, the other Sunday, as I noticed the concourse at the churches. "They are farewell calls," replied the Cynic.

GEORGE SAND ON FRENCH ACTORS.

"You see the French are all born comedians, and each plays his part in the world more or less brilliantly; but those among my fellow-countrymen who possess the least talent for acting, there dedicate themselves to the theatre, and become professional actors."

Cleopatra was a *reine entretenue*.

CLEOPATRA.

GEORGE SAND'S NAME.

She chose the pseudonym of Sand, because it is the first syllable of Sandeau; so was called her lover, a worthy author, who did not make himself so celebrated with his whole name as his beloved with half of it.

"SEE HIS MAJESTY FOR FIVE FRANCES, SIR?"

I remember very well that I hastened to the Palais Royal, on my first coming to Paris, to see Louis Philippe. The friend who accompanied me informed me that the king now only appeared on the terrace at fixed hours; a little earlier, only a few weeks, one could see him at any time for five francs. "For five francs!" I cried, with astonishment, "does the king then show himself for money?" "No, but he was shown for money, and it occurred in this manner. There was a society of *claqueurs*, dealers in theatre pass-checks, and such vagabonds, who offered to show the king to strangers for five francs. If you gave ten francs you would see him turn his eyes to heaven, and lay his hand assuringly on his heart; but if you gave twenty francs, you would hear him sing the *Marseillaise*. When any one gave a five-franc piece, these fellows began crying vivats under the windows of the king, and he appeared on the terrace, bowed and retired. When you gave ten francs, they shouted so much louder, and when the king appeared, demeaned themselves as in ecstasies, and then he, to show his entire composure, turned up his eyes to heaven, and laid his hand assuringly on his heart. The English, however, would many a time give twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm reached the highest pitch, and as soon as the king appeared, they began the *Marseillaise*, and bellowed so fearfully, that Louis Philippe, perhaps to end the song quicker, bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the *Marseillaise*. Whether he beat time with his foot, as I have heard, I do not know. Neither can I be surety for the truth of this anecdote. The friend who told it me has been seven years dead, and I know that for seven years he has never lied."

THE HOUSE OF RABY.

The House of Raby; or, our Lady of Darkness. 3 vols., 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

This is one of the best novels we have read for a very long time. And the phrase "a good novel," is not a slight commendation, for what does it imply? The union of qualities various and sometimes opposite. Ability to copy, and talent to idealise; capacity to feel keenly, without which there is no imagination; capacity to reason clearly, in order to translate those impressions for the reader's sake; acute observation of character, and the power of generalising the knowledge thus obtained into wisdom; discrimination in the choice of incidents, which must be true in principle rather than in fact, in accordance with the old maxim "le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable," rather, the larger truth includes the lesser. To these qualities we must add dramatic art, which consists in recognising and presenting what is essential and typical in a subject. All these attributes, and more, combined with an interesting story, go to the production of a good novel; and, we think, few will hesitate to credit the authoress of the *House of Raby* with the possession of them all.

We say the authoress, for we think no doubt can be felt on that subject. This is essentially a woman's book. The dramatic power and the knowledge of character might belong to a man, but there are certain touches which could only come from a woman's pen,—indeed we think none but a woman could have painted the two Margarets,—the aunt and the niece—who are the heroines of the book.

The story is deeply interesting, sad beyond ordinary sadness, impressive, and even terrible. It is the history of three generations of the House of Raby, over which there hangs the fatal curse, more awful than the Nemesis of Grecian Tragedy, and like it only to be appeased by the extermination of the doomed race,—hereditary insanity. The different developments of this mysterious and fearful malady are drawn with melancholy truth; but the authoress is too much an artist to fall into the repulsive error of that degraded school which seeks power in the display and elaboration of mere moral or physical disease. We shall not attempt to sketch the story; but shall rather devote all the space we can afford to such extracts as may be intelligible in themselves.

Lord Carleton has married—too weak to obey the stern command of Fate which forbade his race the enjoyment of the sweet domestic sympathies granted to happier men. The curse is creeping on him, creeping on his infant son. He sees his wife has a suspicion of it,—he is broken-hearted for the wrong he did in marrying her, and fancies she must hate him as the author of her child's misfortune. He resolves to confess all to her. How pathetic is the situation—judge if the treatment be not equally so!

"How little we men know of women, till we put their deepest feelings to the proof! I told my story with a presentiment that she, having before suspected part of it, had changed the love she once had for me into something like contempt and personal dislike. I had got this idea during the late perils of the child, whose existence was scarcely more precious to her than his wonderful mental endowments."

"I did not look at her during all that painful confession. At length I ceased, with words somewhat like these:—'And now, Caroline, you know what I have done, and what a curse I have brought upon you!—I do not talk to you any more as a husband. I claim no love, no duty from you! You were deceived in me; you loved a noble and true man, not one who could allow himself to be guilty of a cheat, and make you and those dearest to you its victims!'"

He paused a moment and glanced towards me; then looked away again, into the distance, as if something attracted his attention there.

Then he resumed speaking, thus: "Hastings, I hardly know how to tell you what followed; it is so sacred and dear to my heart!—Still, you ought to know. You shall know how strong and self-sacrificing 'a mere woman'—'a beauty'—'a woman of fashion' as she is called, can be!—Not one of the lofty moral principled women, mark you! And that without an effort—for it was without an effort. Oh, thank God! It came spontaneously! It was not done upon a principle!"

"She interrupted me with outstretched arms. She drew me towards her! She could not speak for tears; but her kisses were showered on my cold hands and fevered brow;—on this insensible hair even, through which her fingers wandered nervously, while overcome with my own feeling and hers, I rested my head on her bosom. Then she whispered fond epithets in low broken tones; each word simple—exaggerated, as it would sound in other ears, was a cordial to me; for I was faint and sick with the solitude of my own remorseful heart, and its chilling fear that there was henceforth no sweet love for me on this earth.—It was a blessed thing to clasp her in my arms once more! To feel that she loved me, in spite of all!—I said so;—and it was then her true womanly soul flashed forth.—She held me back from her, and looking into my face, with a grave, loving smile, said:

"Frederick! I see there are many ways of loving, and loving well. I have my way, as well as grander and wiser folks. I tell you truly, as sure as you hold me now, so sure is it that I rejoice with all my soul that I am your wife! I am too happy to have something to bear for your sake;—too happy to be so bound to you that all the powers of this world, not even your own will, could set me free again! I am deeply glad to have added, as you say I have added, to your happiness;—glad, even in the darkest depth of our affliction, to be permitted to share it with you. Glad

am I,—heartily glad,—to have in some way helped the fulfilment of your desire!—Remember, love, you have an heir—one who will uphold the family name and honour. I know it, I am sure of it! One child may be a source of pain to you; the other will bring nothing but joy and noble pride to your heart! But,—listen to me, dear one,—if it were otherwise, if you, Frank, and Arundel were all to become madmen—idiots—do you think I should shrink from you—cease to love you—regret that you were my husband and my children? No!—You are mine, I am yours! I care not what you are; be you madman—slave—traitor—villain—all that the world holds vilest, I love you, I am your wife, and not even your remorse should drive me from you. Remorse! Remorse for what you have done to me? Ah! Come to the heart that loves you; there is no pulsation there that is not caused by love for you and the children—fear for you—hope for you! Do not talk of regret for the past! There is nothing to regret.—“I ought to have been warned!”—say you?—I thank my God that I was not warned!—Had I been warned, I should not have been yours; for I did not know what love meant till after I was your wife. I thank God I was not warned; or I might have shrunk from being yours, because you were stricken by Him?”

Lady Carleton dies. The following extract describes an interview, in long after years, between Lord Carleton and his first love, Margaret Hastings, who had refused him in her youth on principle. She has struggled nobly, her life long, with her feelings, her reward is the usual one,—she is supposed to be without feeling. None but a woman could have realised the full suffering of the scene we quote. Miss Hastings is death-stricken when it takes place. He is speaking of his late wife:—

“She knew of our early girl and boy attachment, and gave me credit for my taste—and for my constancy, too.” And he smiled. “Now that the feeling has quite gone, I can speak to you openly on the subject.—You, with your quiet, passionless nature, will scarcely credit it, perhaps, but my love for you, or, rather, for my own imagination of you, as a girl, lasted till after my marriage.—What absurd mistakes about character we make when we are boys!—I used to think you were of a passionate, loving nature—that your heart controlled your intellect, and would force it to minister to its demands. In short, I fancied you were what I found Caroline to be.—It was long before I read your true character in your conduct. A noble, lofty character,—loving work and science for their own sakes, and for the sake of the general good—as unselfish in your universal benevolence as Caroline in her particular affection. She used to say that you were the most unselfish person she knew!”

“There is no one on earth, except my boys, for whom I entertain so strong an affection as for you, Margaret! I respect and reverence you for your intellect and your steady adherence to principle. I am bound to you by gratitude as a father—by the memory of my early love—although it was mistaken, and you never loved me, as I once fancied.—You, with your calm nature, discovered your error soon enough not to suffer much from it.—Was it not so, my friend?”

“I never deceived myself on that point!” she replied, faintly;—finding that he waited for an answer.

“No matter! Whether you were loving or loveless in those past days, you and I can never be wholly indifferent to each other, Margaret!”

“Never!—neither here nor beyond the grave!” she said quickly, and as if the words were forced from her.

Lord Carleton’s manner became warmer.

“God bless you, my friend!—There was something like affection in those words—something which makes me hope you will let me add to your happiness by enabling you to exercise your benevolence in a larger sphere than you have hitherto done.—Something that makes me almost sure my Caroline’s wish was prophetic, and that you will consent to become the second Lady Carleton—rule my household—be a mother to my boys—and the best and wisest friend to one who tells you candidly that he has no love to give. Will you be my wife, now, Margaret? You refused me once, twice, thrice. We were young then, and we loved—at least, I loved.—We are growing old now!—Shall we grow old together, Margaret?” He had taken her hand. She returned the pressure of his, and looked at him with a strange expression.

“What is this?—You are ill?—I have been thoughtless to enter on this matter now!—Let me lead you to the house!” he said, with alarm.

“Stay!—one moment!—it will keep off one moment!”—she spoke in a gasping, broken voice, and with a strong effort to master some physical pang.—“Listen!—you do not know me!—my life!—you are wrong! all wrong!—Frederick! Be your wife?—not the wife of your love—the head housekeeper—care for your sons—your wards—talk with you when you are in the mood—I would even degrade myself to serve you thus—because—ah! God! he has not known it!—But there is another obstacle now!—Again, I cannot be your wife!”

“What is this? Calm yourself, my dear friend! Margaret! What is the matter?” he exclaimed, much alarmed at her excited manner.—“Say, in one word, what obstacle there is.”

“Another time—I—I—” and overcome with acute pain, she fell back insensible. Lord Carleton carried her across the lawn to the house, and laid her on a sofa, in the first room he came to.—Seeing no one about, he rang the bell violently, and gazed with mingled pity and wonder at the emaciated form he remembered so well adorned with all the graces of youth and the imagination of a lover.—There was nothing there, now, that he could call beautiful.

“Ah! if she had lived in the affections instead of in the intellect,” he thought, “she would have been beautiful and amiable, now! Surely her life has been a mistake!—What did she mean just now?—Not know her?—How can I be wrong?”

We could multiply extracts, and we are sorry we have not space for one, as striking and as terrible as any we can remember in the range of tragedy. But we wish, before we are compelled to leave the book, to present the reader with some specimens of a less sorrowful cast,—some of the deep thoughts and happy expressions with which its pages abound:—

Genius is never selfish; that is, in the bad sense of that word. The egotism of genius is spiritual, not sensual; divine, not worldly. Poor Palissy! Though his department of art was not very high, he had real genius. Do you think he did not feel for the wife and children who wanted food, while he broke up the furniture to feed his furnace? I will not exculpate him by saying it was for them he toiled and suffered privation—that for them he pursued his experiments into the very Cave of Despair—lighted only by the hope of scientific truth. It was not for them, primarily—not for any human interest that he toiled, and thought, and starved his frail bodily tenement, it was for the sake of truth—of the discovery he had to make. He felt that as an imperial duty calling him onward, and he dared not disobey its voice.

We honour the following maxim:—

“And if your friend should disappoint your expectations, and, in some important act of life, do the thing which his conscience did not approve? If he should be led by passion to set at naught his moral principle, would your friendship cease?” I asked that question earnestly, for, to say the truth, it has often puzzled me.

Without any hesitation, in a calm clear voice, as if her mind were long settled on that point, she replied, “If it could cease then, I should be convinced that it had

never been a real friendship. Forsake my friend because he erred! I should as soon think of forsaking his bedside because he had the small-pox.”

Here is another charming little bit:—

“But if I had had the making of my own faults, I would have erred on the safe side; so that other people should suffer from them instead of myself. . . . It is the judgment of little minds I fear, not that of great ones; and whenever I make a fool of myself, I hope it may be before a wise person—like Miss Hastings.”

How true the following is, and how unlike the commonplace notion on the subject:—

“You speak as if you really believed in that heresy of half-developed minds, that merely to be young, i. e. half-developed, is the highest, happiest state of the human being.—I have seen nothing so very desirable in my own youth, or in the youth of all those I love most, that I should mourn its loss. It seems the season for suffering, to all minds not contented with mediocrity and the amenities of commonplace.”

We must conclude with the following sketch. To us it is full of the best and bravest philosophy:—

The small delicate hands are folded in her lap; the mouth is firmly closed, and the corners have a painful expression; the eyes look out straight before her; they are still and calm, with an uncommon mixture of keen intelligence and gentle resignation. They look as if she had known a bitter sorrow, and finding that it could not be remedied had submitted to it. There is no effort of a false philosophy in her aspect—no determination to seem or to be cheerful—no wilful blindness to the truth. She was evidently very unhappy, but it is quite as evident that she could bear to be unhappy without any affectation of trying to believe that it was a good thing, if she would but think so. She was born before the modern system of Epicurean stoicism came into vogue; and not affecting to have the enlarged vision of a superhuman being, did not believe in her heart that what she felt to be a strong, enduring evil, was but happiness in disguise. She had no notion that she would be fulfilling God’s will by trying to explain and argue it away into a sort of sublimated spiritual pleasure. If she thought anything about the matter, it was just this:—that when God sent an affliction upon her, he meant that she should be afflicted. She had a healthy moral nature, but a very poor talent for metaphysical speculation. Though in the countess’s latest portrait there was much sorrow, there was no remorse—no self-upbraiding. You felt that she had not been the cause of her own grief—that whatever it was it came from without, and not from within. There was nothing of self in the sadness—no self-absorption—no self-tormenting. This gave her countenance its dignified calmness and resignation.

A SCHOLAR’S LIFE.

Literary Remains of Henry Fynes Clinton, M.A. Edited by the Rev. C. J. Fynes Clinton, M.A. Longman.

THE days when great scholars made great reputations seem to be gone by. In our time the sage who occupies himself with the nineteenth century is the sage whom the nineteenth century honours. The eminent men whom we talk most about, and know most about now, are men who have all more or less directly addressed themselves to the popular wants, tastes, and feelings of the present age. In the sixteenth century, the author of the *Fasti Hellenici* and the *Fasti Romani* would have been a man of European fame—even in the eighteenth, his reputation would have been a notable one in his own country—but in the nineteenth, while deservedly honoured within the small circle of great scholars, in the large outer world of readers and thinkers in general the very name of Henry Fynes Clinton is probably unknown.

And yet, from an autobiography which records the life of a good man and the studies of a consummate scholar, there is surely an interest to be derived, and a lesson of some sort to be learnt usefully by everybody. Although we of the unlearned majority cannot pretend to judge technically of the labours of the great scholar, we may at least try to gain what we can of pleasure and profit from the history of his life, as written by himself, and modestly and delicately given to the reading world by the brother who has survived him.

Mr. Henry Fynes Clinton was born in the county of Nottingham, in the year 1781. He was first educated at Southwell School, where he learnt much, and was then removed to Westminster, where he acquired a little Greek, and “added nothing” to his “stock of Latin authors”—the usual result of that wonderful “public school system,” which is held to have produced our greatest men, and which, next to the House of Lords and the Habeas Corpus Act, is one of the national institutions which every patriotic Englishman reverences most fondly. From Westminster Mr. Fynes Clinton removed to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he resided for nearly eight years. His fondness for classical reading, and his ambition to collect a classical library, became developed as soon as he entered on a university life. He began to read diligently, if not deeply—won the first Bachelor’s Prize—superintended conscientiously and usefully the studies of private pupils—and reached his twenty-fifth year, contemplating no other future than an academical life, which was to end in his taking orders.

A very unexpected, and, in a pecuniary point of view, a very fortunate, change was, however, to take place in his prospects. A distant maternal relative—one Mr. Gardiner—fixed on Mr. Fynes Clinton as heir to his property, stipulating beforehand that the young scholar should not take orders. The object of this condition was to make Mr. Fynes Clinton “a country gentleman, capable of secular pursuits”—of what particular nature we are not informed. If Mr. Gardiner expected his heir to keep a pack of hounds, preserve game, imprison poachers, speechify at elections, give toasts at agricultural dinners, and so forth, his heir disappointed him. The young man resigned the idea of being a clergyman, but he would not resign the ambition to become a great scholar. He went on with his reading at Oxford, took his Master of Arts degree, began writing a tragedy called *Solyman*, and went deeper and deeper down into the mine of ancient learning, when he was abruptly summoned back to the surface-world and the business of the passing day, by another unexpected change in his prospects. He was not to have a fortune left him on this occasion—he was only to be made a member of Parliament. He had just time to feel astonished—and then he was elected member for Aldborough.

This was in the year 1806, when troublesome Radicals, who would speak out plainly, were put into prison, and a paternal aristocracy took all the

trouble of sending representatives to Parliament off the hands of the nation. The late Duke of Newcastle (to whose family Mr. Fynes Clinton was related) wanted somebody to represent Aldborough, and thought his young kinsman would do. Mr. Fynes Clinton's father thought so too, and accepted the duke's offer forthwith, on his own responsibility, before he wrote to his son. Thus, the only persons who were not consulted in the matter of the representation of Aldborough were the electors of Aldborough and the member for Aldborough.—Ah! those good old times! those glorious old times! Tears fill our eyes, and pangs of fond political regret wring our bosom as we look back on them!

Let us dry our tears (with blotting-paper), and get back to Mr. Fynes Clinton. Although he had neither ambition nor vocation for Parliament, he was too honourable a man not to do his best to prepare himself for his new duties. With rare and admirable self-denial he laid aside his classical studies altogether for the time, and did his best to make himself a useful member of Parliament, thinking at first of trying his fortune as a speaker, but wisely abandoning the idea on after experience and consideration. Though he had resigned his ancient authors, he had not altogether divorced himself from the Muses. In his first year of senatorial life he published his tragedy of *Solyman*—but it had no success, and no sale. His next venture was of much greater importance—he married.

His life had hitherto been calm and prosperous, but it was soon to be troubled by the saddest and hardest of bereavements. In a year from his marriage his wife and child died; and then, in his great affliction he turned once more to his old mute friends, the books, for companionship and consolation. From this time his studies were resumed: they were the studies which led to the two great chronological works that made him known and honoured among the most learned men in England.

He married a second time a daughter of the Bishop of Bangor, who now survives him. From this period, to the period of his death in 1832, the history of his life is the history of his classical acquirements. His industry as a scholar is something astonishing. We will give the reader one specimen of it, taken at hazard from his autobiography. In the year 1816 these were his Greek studies:—

	PAGES.
Philemon	150
Parthenius	33
Heraclitus	9
Schol. Eschylus	438
Apian	467
Dionis Cass	180
Plutarch	660
Harpocration	200
Photii Lex	517
Demetrii	72
	2726

These 2726 pages of hard Greek are mentioned as a *less* compass of reading than he had accomplished in almost any year since his return to study. With this criterion to judge by, the reader will be able to guess what a good year's work amounted to; and will gain some idea of the conscientious industry of the great scholar. Of the unwearied patience required from him in the prosecution of his immense labours in ancient chronology, this passage from his Journal will be found to afford a striking example:—

December 4.—I seem to proceed slowly. These last ten days have been consumed in the chronology of Philip, n.c. 359—359; a small portion of a small division of the work. The eleventh year is now far advanced since the first rudiments of this labour, in April, 1810; and much is yet wanting to complete it. However, the recollection of the time for the completion of similar literary labours may console me. Wolfius consumed twenty-two years in the edition of Demosthenes alone (Reiske, Pref. p. xli.). Wytenbach, in 1794, had already arrived at the twenty-second year from the period at which he first projected an edition of Plutarch; and sixteen years more intervened before he published, in 1810, his first volume of annotations. Mr. Mitford has suffered almost forty years to elapse between the composition of his first volume and the completion of his tenth. And Barthélemi was thirty years engaged in the preparation of his "Anacharsis." None of these undertakings demanded more laborious research and compilation than is requisite for a "Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece and Rome," copiously explained, and verified by the original passages of the authors.

And could not all the years thus patiently devoted by Mr. Fynes Clinton and his learned predecessors to the production of classical editions, and books of classical information, have been employed more profitably for their own good and for the intellectual good of humanity? This is a question which many an unlearned reader will ask—a question which we will leave an open one, as not arrogating to ourselves any right to decide on it. It is, on the other hand, however, hardly possible for any one to read Mr. Fynes Clinton's Journal without being struck by the evidence which it presents on the face of it of the meagreness and insufficiency of the study of Greek and Roman literature as the main intellectual nourishment for the mind of any intelligent and inquiring man. How does Mr. Fynes Clinton himself, and how do we after him, trace the progress of his classical studies? Solely by the number of pages that he contrived to toil through in each year. Could any man, devoting himself to the living literature of his own or any other nation, write a Journal of his studies without showing sympathetically their effect on his mind and heart—without letting us gauge his intellectual growth by something more than the bare record of the number of pages he read every day? The mechanical intellectual means by which classical knowledge is acquired, and the mechanical intellectual results to which classical knowledge leads, when it is pursued as the main science, seem to us to be made mournfully apparent in the pages of Mr. Fynes Clinton's Journal. We are the more struck with this because we have derived from passages of that Journal, unconnected with his classical studies, the highest idea of his character, as a gentle, modest, high-minded man, with great clearness of intellect and power of will. We do not undervalue the importance of the *Fasti Hellenici* as a monument of extraordinary learning; but, with the highest appreciation of Mr. Fynes Clinton's profound classical acquirements, we close his autobiography feeling a doubt in our own minds whether, in doing himself the fullest justice as a scholar, he might not have failed, after all, in doing himself sufficient justice as a man.

SOME POLITICAL BOOKS.

The Sphere and Duties of Government. Translated from the German of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, by Joseph Coulthard, Jun. John Chapman.
The British Commonwealth; or, a Commentary on the Institutions and Principles of British Government. By Homersham Cox, M.A. Longman.
England under Queen Victoria. By Edward H. Michelsen. Black, Edinburgh.
The Happy Colony. By Robert Pemberton. Dedicated to the Workmen of Great Britain. Saunders and Otley.
Bravery; or, the Political Curse. By Gibson Box. R. Theobald, Paternoster Row.
Our Future Parliaments. By the Author of "Taxing Made Easy," 1850. C. Beckett, Kingsland Road.

THE book which we have placed first on this list of political brochures is not likely to obtain a place in English political libraries. As the revelation of the mind of a German philosopher upon that precious theme, abstract politics, it is interesting, and upon this Essay another *doctrinaire*, so disposed—as in the case of our lamented friend, John Chapman—might conveniently found another set of speculations—such as the *Westminster Review's* article on the book. But its merits are not calculated to attract more than curiosity, and we are indeed surprised that the publisher has considered it worthy of a rank in the "Catholic series." It is no doubt an excellent book for Germany, where (in 1852) it was read with avidity; but it is a superfluous volume in the political atmosphere of England, where we avoid theories, and most especially, the theories of young Germans, for it is observable that William Humboldt wrote this in 1791. It illustrates European progress in our celebrated century that this exposition of the evils of excessive state interference was considered Utopian in 1791, and, so far as Germany is concerned, is a mere Utopian dissertation in 1851.

Mr. Homersham Cox is almost as much of a theorist in politics as William Humboldt, and, accordingly, has failed in attempting a book which we admit to be a desideratum. But while awaiting the philosopher who will do with Delolme what Stephens has done with Blackstone, this book might usefully be put into circulation. It would make a good school-boy's book; and, happily, our public schools are beginning to understand that such "Commentaries" as "Blackstone" and such Essays as "Delolme" are necessary to complete the "History of England." Mr. Cox's merits are accuracy and impartiality; in consideration of which we may forgive weak dissertation on "Representation of Minorities."

Mr. Michelsen's *History* is "not an old almanack," but its best pretension is to that class of anastatic writing. As a "Doctor of Philosophy," Mr. Michelsen naturally betrays an innocent ignorance of the actualities of contemporary English politics; but, as in Mr. Cox's case, we must concede to him that, apparently because he has no opinions, he has observed great impartiality in his setting down of the familiar facts of the last decade.

When will Mr. Wyld publish a map of the Utopian Continent? Mr. Pemberton proffers his happy land, in a volume of touching faith in human nature. The land seems to be the one discovered by Mr. Robert Owen: Mr. Pemberton only explores it. In his preliminary remarks on the future he is arranging. Mr. Pemberton says: "I require all the patience of the workman of Great Britain, that he may bear with me," &c. Those who have patience, which implies time to waste, should read Mr. Pemberton. Those who cannot spare time may take our word that the beneficence of Mr. Pemberton entitles him to every respect—and, we may add, every one's good wishes. For who would decline to be one of his "Happy Colonists?"

Mr. Box (unintentionally answering the theoretical challenging of the antithetical Cox) appears to be published by the Maidstone Reform Association. "This little work," says the author, "owes its origin to a stern conviction that some such effort was necessary," &c.; and there is, throughout, the indication of a mind at once thoroughly in earnest and thoroughly practical. The point is in this sentence:—

Important as we deem the ballot we attach still greater importance to a proper adjustment of the franchise; for the principal cause of all this mischief is to be found in the smallness of constituencies, not as yet having been too bulky for individual pockets or club purses. Those who glory in the present mode of contesting elections, seem to exult in the idea that alteration is impossible; that the franchise only regulates the price and does not affect the principle; in support of which they triumphantly quote the Reform Bill of 1832, as having only increased the evil it was to have suppressed. But that reform bill, though an alteration of the franchise, was not a proper adjustment of it, its framers having clung tenaciously to a false principle—political favouritism. It conferred privileges without reference to claims. Abandoning the dictates of justice, it threw the tremendous responsibilities of limited authority upon the shifting basis of accident, and madly transferred the principle of accountability to "stocks and stones." How was it to be expected that such a scheme would operate?

The writing is very diffuse, and some of it is foolish, as in the attack on "party" while there is a constant appeal to the working man to stand by his class. To that class the author belongs; and it is a pleasant sign of the times that there are working men who can "turn out" such sinewy political essays.

A man who thinks that taxing can be made easy is not likely to be a safe guide in politics, and the writer (Mr. T. Furnivall) of the pamphlet which we have placed last on our list is open to the objection that, as his premises are rather impossible, his conclusions are not very practical.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher, &c., &c. By Henry Mayhew. Author of "London Labour and the London Poor." Began.

THIS is indeed the era of children's books. Mr. Mayhew has produced one of the most charming and useful little works we have seen for a long time. The principles of natural science are explained so simply, so thoroughly, and withal in so interesting a manner, that the book really bridges over the usually formidable gulf between "instruction" and "amusing" books. To the thoughtful and inquiring child it will be a precious possession.

True Stories for Children from Ancient History.

Tallant and Allen.

The stories are commonplace, and we especially dislike the moral which is perpetually tagged to them.

A Winter Wreath of Summer Flowers. By S. G. Goodrich.

Trübner and Co.

Mr. Goodrich, the original Peter Parley (none others are genuine), has written a very pleasant book for young people, which bears the elegant name of "A Winter Wreath of Summer Flowers." The writing is of that description which calls for approbation rather than for criticism; but the illustrations, soft, and beautifully coloured, call for more than usual recognition.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- A Popular History of British Mosses, comprising a General Account of their Structure, Fructification, Arrangement, and General Distribution.* By Robert M. Stark. Lovell Reeve.
- Popular British Conchology, a Familiar History of the Molluscs inhabiting the British Isles.* By George Brettingham Sowerby, F.L.S. Lovell Reeve.
- First Steps in Economic Botany, for the Use of Students; being an Abridgment of Popular Economic Botany.* By Thomas Groomer Archer. Lovell Reeve.
- The Colonial Almanack for the Year 1855.* Adam and Charles Black.
- Sonnets of Cambridge Life.* By William Nind, M.A. Macmillan and Co.
- Enigmas as to the Religious Working of the Common Schools in the State of Massachusetts, with a Preface.* By the Hon. Edward Twisleton, late Chief Commissioner of Poor-laws in Ireland. James Ridgway.
- The Quiet Heart.* By the Author of "Kattie Stewart." William Blackwood and Sons.
- The Certainty of Christianity: a Sketch.* By a Layman. Thomas Constable and Co.
- An Entirely New System of Conjugation, by which the Principle of all the French Verbs can be understood in a few Hours, with numerous Practical Examples.* Second Edition. By Mons. Mariot de Beauvoisin. Edingham Wilson.
- The Royal Gallery of Art, Ancient and Modern.* Edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A., &c. (Part I.) P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.
- Time and Truth Reconciling the Moral and Religious World to Shakespeare.* W. Kent and Co.
- The Native Races of the Russian Empire.* By R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Hippolyte Baillière.
- Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer (annotated Edition of the English Poets).* Edited by Robert Bell. John W. Parker and Son.
- The English Cyclopædia, a New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.* Conducted by Charles Knight. Bradbury and Evans.
- Manual of Civil Law, for the Use of Schools, and more especially of Candidates for the Civil Service. Consisting of an Epitome in English of the Institutes of Justinian.* By E. R. Humphreys, LL.D. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.
- A Third Gallery of Portraits.* By George Gillman. James Hegg.
- Literary Addresses delivered at various Popular Institutions.* (Second series.) Richard Griffin and Co.
- Five Years at the Court of Henry XIII. Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian: and addressed to the Signory of Venice, Jan. 12, 1616, to July 26, 1619.* Translated by Rawdon Brown. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.
- A New, Practical, and Easy Method of Learning French, upon the System most used on the Continent, for the Study of Languages; with Numerous Exercises and Examples, Illustrative of every Rule.* By E. Husson. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
- A Practical Treatise on the Diseases peculiar to Women. Illustrated by Cases derived from Hospital and Private Practice.* By Samuel Aswell, M.D., &c. (3rd edition.) Samuel Highley.
- A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Christianity.* By Robert William Mackay, M.A. (Chapman's Quarterly Series.) John Chapman.
- The Newcomes: Memoirs of a most Respectable Family.* Edited by Arthur Pen-dennis, Esq. Bradbury and Evans.
- The Martine of Oro Martin.* By Charles Lever. No. 1. Chapman and Hall.
- The Art Journal.* No. LXXII. George Virtue and Co.
- Our Friend: a Monthly Miscellany.* John Farquhar Shaw.
- The Parlor Library: Maurice Furnay, The Soldier of Fortune.* By the Author of "Sir James Carew." Thomas Hodgson.
- Tales of Flemish Life.* By Hendrik Conscience. Thomas Constable.

The Arts.

HIGH ART OF A NEW KIND.

Pictures of Life and Character. From the Collection of Mr. Punch. By John Leech. Bradbury and Evans.

There are certain people who, reading first the title of this article and then the name of the picture-book selected as the subject of review, will be apt to inquire indignantly whether the writer is in jest or in earnest who associates the words "High Art" with the name of John Leech. Such persons may be assured at the outset that we are certainly in earnest. We believe High Art to be the Art which most directly and comprehensively appeals to the largest number of intelligent people of all classes. We will accept no narrower definition than this. We will by no means consent to have High Art limited to sacred or profane history—to canvases of greater or less size—to figures with bearded faces, thick legs, flowing robes, and gesticulating arms—to angels sitting on clouds, or to nymphs and satyrs drunkenly hopping in a classical country-dance.

High Art genuinely appeals to some real sympathy or other—or it is not High Art at all. Such a picture as Nicholas Poussin's famous Bacchanalian composition in our National Gallery is, in our estimation, Low Art; because, though it might address itself legitimately enough to Pagan spectators a hundred years or so before Christ, it could address itself legitimately to no man, woman, or child, inhabiting any civilised country in any Christian period. Such a picture as Wilkie's "Distraint for Rent" is, in our estimation, High Art, because it does address itself legitimately to the largest number of sympathies. For the same reason, and to get nearer to the present day and subject, we think Mr. Millais' "Order of Release" High Art; Mr. Frith's "Ramsgate Sands" High Art; and Mr. Leech's "Pictures from Punch" High Art—because in various ways, and with various degrees of merit and usefulness, they address themselves directly and naturally to the largest number of sympathies. High Art affects us by genuine means (as in Mr. Millais' picture), or pleases us by genuine means (as in Mr. Frith's picture and in Mr. Leech's woodcuts). These notions are, no doubt, highly heretical, according to the canonical laws of Art, as established by great critics, lecturers, and writers in guide-books.

But the thinking public is beginning to doubt those laws in some places, and to defy them altogether in others; and we have the honour of siding most cordially with the thinking public.

When we have said that Mr. Leech's Book contains all his best contributions to *Punch* for some years past, exclusive of the political picture-satires—we have so far as our readers are concerned, pronounced its eulogium. Mr. Leech has made the public thoroughly appreciate his rare and admirable faculty as an artist. He has honestly earned his reputation, and he has done well to show how he has earned it, by the present collection of his works—necessarily scattered over too wide a surface in the serial pages of *Punch*. These "Pictures of Life and Character," are within their own limits, a social history of England in the nineteenth century. If Mr. Macaulay's famous and much-borrowed New Zealander should desire to know what English life was like in its lighter aspects in the year 1850, Mr. Leech's "pictures" would be the very book to inform him to his heart's content. At every page we turn over, we find some fresh exemplification of the artist's delicate perception of the most striking peculiarities to illustrate in the manners and the follies of his time. The accurate observation, the delicacy of taste, the truth to nature, the admirable freedom from exaggeration, the exquisite perception of female beauty, the graceful gaiety and genial humour, which have all contributed to make Mr. Leech's designs in *Punch* some of the most popular little pictures in England, appear to greater advantage than ever in their new and collected form. Here is the genuine comedy which reflects the manners of the age, lightly and gaily, but always truly—which points out our follies good-humouredly, and shows us little peculiarities in our manners, tastes, and habits which we never thought of before. Is not the man who can do this—and who can bring to the doing it such practical knowledge of his vocation that his slightest out-of-doors background shall be a charming little landscape viewed only by itself—a thorough artist, though he may not use paint, or write "R. A." after his name? Surely he is; and surely also, if genuine comedy written with the pen be considered High Art in Literature, genuine comedy drawn with the pencil must be considered High Art in painting—and may be boldly called so.

SALE OF OWEN JONES' ILLUMINATED WORKS.

The last occasion for purchasing the illustrated and illuminated works by Owen Jones will occur the week after next, at the Auction-rooms of Mr. Hodgson. The remainder of the books will then be sold, and after that the collector will have to depend upon the chance of a secondary sale. This is more than a commercial transaction. There is scarcely any important public proceeding in connexion with art on which Owen Jones has not put the stamp of his hand; and the entire stage of art belonging to the time in which we live, may be said to derive much of its thought and colour from this artist. He is, of course, particularly to be found in his own works; in his account of the progress of illumination during the middle ages; in his elaborate Monograph of the Alhambra, extending to some hundreds of plates, coloured and illuminated with gold. These have been works, not only of speculation, but of love. Owen Jones has buried himself deep in the Mediæval Library of Art; he has spent months in the Alhambra; he has studied nature in its application to art; and in many a quaint rich drawing he has adorned familiar texts with artistic finishes. He caught the Mediæval spirit so completely, that he is an artist of that day living in our own. He possesses all the earnestness of early art, but adds to it the accomplishments of a more enlightened age. A time will come when the works of Owen Jones will be regarded by collectors as the gems of Benvenuto Cellini, or the celebrated articles of a more common jewellery which have acquired an historical favour.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF ART.

This is the first part of a series of engravings copied from the private collections of the Queen and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne. The entire series, it would appear from a published list in a separate volume, will comprise 123 engravings, some of them from pictures of considerable mark, and the whole notable, as containing a large proportion of works by living artists of the English school. The engravings in the first number are taken from Dyce's "Virgin Mother"—the Virgin and Child; Clarkson Stanfield's "Royal Yacht off Mount St. Michael"—a view of that oft-portrayed place, the foreground enlivened by shipping in Stanfield's most animated manner; and Reynolds' portrait of the "Duchess of Devonshire." The subjects are all well known; the engravers have excellently caught the manner of the artist: Dyce's broad Roman style, inclined slightly to the pre-Raphaelite; Reynolds' water-colour manner, with effects produced by strong dashes of dark and light; and Stanfield's exact portraiture, are conveyed into the line-engraving, with a striking felicity of imitation, and much freedom of colour. The collection may take its rank with some of the best specimens of such engravings in the received style. Subsequent numbers must include works of greater mark in themselves.

There is one clause in the conditions of publication that may be useful in a trading point of view, but which appears to us to be unworthy of a "royal" publication, and totally inconsistent with the profession in the statement of the "grounds" on which "this work recommends itself to public patronage." The work, we are told, will be issued only to subscribers, and when the stipulated number of impressions are taken from the plate, the steel will be cut down and the writing altered, so as to secure a certainty that every copy shall be a subscriber's; which, from its inevitably becoming scarce, must increase in value. This is true, commercially; but the value of a work of art consists, not in its exchangeable price, but in the qualities of the thing. A great work of Raphael's would not be diminished in its intrinsic value, though it were multiplied a million-fold; just as the life-producing power in any given boiled fowl would be exactly the same though there were a fowl in every man's pot, as Henry the Fourth wished. It is a very spurious kind of value which arises from an artificially produced rarity; but the manner in which the rarity is created, in the present instance, is inconsistent with the first of the "grounds" set forth of "recommendation to public patronage," "as the Private Collection of her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who graciously and most generously bestowed this privilege, that the public generally may be enabled to enjoy the Art-treasures they have collected." Now, the enjoyment would be "extended" if a copy of this work were placed in every homestead of the country. We leave the editor to reconcile the first "ground" with his second "condition," and the latter with the personal benevolence that must be diffused from her Most Gracious Majesty to every one of her subjects.

LYCEUM—A COMICAL COUNTESS.

THE Game of Speculation is becoming as customary at the opening of a LYCEUM season as the "Here we are" of a transpottine clown at the first blush of his transformation. It is received no less rapturously. Elderly gentlemen with whom "affairs are bad in the City" were evidently prepared to take Mr. Charles Mathews into partnership, whilst Miss Oliver doubtless suggested similar thoughts to younger men. The second piece, at the re-opening on Monday night, was new. Mr. Mathews merged from a British speculator into a Parisian nobleman, disguised as a footman. He is the Marquis de Bilbrac, and has accidentally struck a lady a severe blow at the ball on the preceding evening. The Marquis, supposing the lady to be the "lady" of the Regent, vanished, in order to escape the Bastille. In his own livery he gets himself engaged by a widowed but youthful countess (Miss Talbot), and there conducts himself with the usual amount of eccentricity. Of course he defeats the love of an elderly baron. It then appears that the blow was given to the Countess, and not to the lady of the Regent; and the Countess (disguised in her turn) under pretence of asserting her own cause, fights a duel with the Marquis to prove his courage, which had been assailed. His courage is subsequently exemplified on the Baron (Mr. Baker), who is wounded—the position of the wound, and the grimaces of the receiver, being equally Buckstonian. The next discovery is that the Countess is an old flame of the Marquis, who has, by marriage, raised herself from the office of cook in the service of the Marquis's aunt. Happiness—for two of the three characters, at least—is the result. The piece is taken, not too forcibly, from the French, and is altogether so amusing that we are not inclined to be angry with little inconsistencies which we never observed in the "houses of the great."

B.

We mentioned a fortnight since that M. Legouvé had carried *Medea* into Court again, by an attempt to compel M. Arsène Houssaye, the director of the THEATRE FRANÇAIS, to resume the rehearsals of the tragedy which M. Houssaye, being *d'accord* with Mademoiselle Rachel, and protected by the Government, obstinately declined to do, notwithstanding a decision in favour of M. Legouvé, as against Mademoiselle Rachel. We regret to observe that M. Legouvé was defeated on the second occasion by an administrative quibble: he had not applied for the authorisation of the Minister to commence rehearsals. The result is, that this much-suffering tragic writer has appealed from the caprices of the *tragédienne* and of the Minister to the reading public—supposing such a public to exist. We should be disposed to consider the public who read tragedies just now on the somewhat ancient subject of *Medea*, rather a limited and

peculiar public, although Théophile Gautier declares France to be an "intellectual China" in its endurance of tragedies. A review of *Medée* has appeared in the *Débats*, pointing out with ingenious felicity the beauties of which the theatrical public has been deprived. One scene between Jason and Medea, in which Jason declares that he shall marry *Creusa*, is written to the very measure of Mademoiselle Rachel; we can see and hear her as we read. But the situation is by no means original, and we began to think of *Pollio* and Grisi in the second act of *Norma*. Indeed, we are half inclined to recommend some musical director to set M. Legouvé's *Medée* to Bellini's music. It would be more effective than *Norma*. M. Legouvé has attempted a contrast of the passion of the half-savage woman and the fickleness of the gay and civilised Greek—a contrast, which if not antique, is an adroit concession to the manners of our century. The last scene is dexterously contrived to elude the canon of Horace's *Art Poetica*—

"Ne coram populo Medea trucidet."

On the English stage the murder of the children would have been a calculated horror. In this respect, perhaps, M. Legouvé and Horace are right. Altogether M. Legouvé's *Medée* deserved a better fate, and a more amiable man than the author does not exist, we believe, in France.

Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli's return to the stage was a severe trial for the singer, and an event to the fashionable world in Paris. When she was seen coming down the staircase in the second act of the *Huguenots* the silence of the theatre was ominous. The first words of the Queen, addressing Valentine,

"Dis-moi"

Quel est le résultat de ton hardi voyage?"

were received with a roar of laughter, and from that moment Madlle. Cruvelli was secure. Still, when between the second and third acts, there was a longer pause than usual, and at length the curtain was raised and the *réjisseur* alone appeared with his three traditional curtsies and all the icy decorum of a theatrical apologist, a shudder of sarcastic indignation ran through the boxes and the stalls as if a tremendous "sell" were coming. Ah! *il ne manquait que cela! Elle est repartie!* burst from the "omnibus box." *Stole away again!* as we should say. But it was no such thing. It was only an apology for M. Obin's cold; an announcement that shook the house again with laughter. And so, although Valentine said—

"De Nevers a promis de refuser ma main,"

it is now pretty certain that M. le Baron V— has promised to accept the hand of Madlle. Sophie Cruvelli at the end of the season '55.

FALL IN THE PRICE OF BREAD.—The bakers generally, throughout the metropolis, have reduced the price of bread a halfpenny in the 4lb. loaf; the price now is 8½d. and 9d. for seconds, and from 9d. to 11d. for best bread.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—The obnoxious Rule 14, respecting unrecognised wives of soldiers has been expunged. Major Powys' occupation is gone.

DEATH OF MURAD I.—In a rebellion of the Servians, Murad found the termination of his glory and of his life. The Turks gained in 1839 a decisive victory on the Amselfeld in Servia; but after the end of the battle, Murad fell by the hand of a Servian noble, by name Milosh Kobilowitch, under circumstances which bear a most romantic tinge. The Sultan was going over the field of battle, accompanied by his Vizier, in order to gaze on the multitude of victims who had fallen before his prowess. He remarked after a while, "It would be strange, were my dream of last night to come true. I saw myself murdered by an hostile hand. But," he added, "dreams are the creation of the fancy; it cannot be possible." This was heard by a Servian, who lay among the dead, but had not yet expired, and he concluded that the Sultan stood before him. Collecting his last despairing energies, he rose suddenly and stabbed the Sultan. The Servian was of course cut to pieces, but the Sultan also expired within two hours. Before he died, however, he ordered the execution of Lazarus, the captured King of Servia.—*Turkey. By Sir George Larpent.*

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, December 1.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—THOMAS HOUGHTON, Manchester, ironmonger.

BANKRUPT.—RICHARD WAISTELL, Noble-street, warehouse seaman—HENRY MARKINFELD ADPEY, Old Bond-street, bookseller—GEORGE DAY, Providence-buildings, New Kent-road, builder—WILLIAM PRACOCK, Bridge-row, wholesale clothier—JAMES SCOTT, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, ship chandler—JOHN TULLOCK FISHER, Pinestow, Essex, Auctioneer—JAMES JOSEPH WIMBLEDON, Surrey, builder—GEORGE PARRY, jun., Willenhall Staffordshire, ironmonger—JOSEPH PARTRIDGE, Tipton, corn factor—HENRY SAMUEL PARKER, Birmingham, licensed victualler—JOSEPH FEENEY, Birkenhead, eatinghouse-keeper—ALEXANDER HILLIARD, Liverpool, ale merchant—JOHN FODEN, Liverpool, grocer—WEIGHT BENTLEY, Oldham, ironfounder—JOHN ERTWILE, Carlisle, builder.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—C. M. HERBERT, Adrishagh, Argyleshire, civil engineer—T. BIGGAR, Paisley, manufacturer—R. WHITE, Glasgow, provision merchant—G. MOUAT, Stirling, woollspinner—W. MACKAY, Aberdeen, machine maker—W. BURTON and D. THOMSON, Glasgow, merchants.

Friday, December 1.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—WILLIAM TAYLOR WARREN, MATTHEW WARREN, and CHARLES DENBOCHIE, Cardiff, builders.

BANKRUPT.—WILLIAM WATTS, Cowes, Isle of Wight, druggist—JAMES THOMAS SNOW, Pollen-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, butcher—JOHN UPSON, Bexley Heath, Kent, boot and shoemaker—ROBERT ADAMS, Liverpool, merchant—EDWARD JOSEPH CHESTER, timber-merchant—BRITTY BARON, HENRY WILLIAM KNOWLES, and JAMES HEYTHORP, Biscup, Lancashire, manufacturers—ROBERT ROBINSON, Manchester, provision-dealer—WILLIAM BARTHOLOMEW, Chichester, Sussex, cabinet-maker—ROBERT

JACKSON, Lombard-street, City, shipowner and merchant—JAMES BACH, Ludlow, auctioneer—JAMES GAUKROGER, TITUS GAUKROGER, and WILLIAM SLATER, Hebble End Mill, Yorkshire, cotton-spinners—WILLIAM LITTLEJOHN DOWIE, Manchester, tailor—CHARLES PARKER and EDWIN PARKER, Northampton, boot and shoe manufacturers—JAMES BALDING, King's Arms-place, Old Kent-road, hat-manufacturer—JOHN TAYLOR and JAMES BURTON, Stockport, power-loom cloth manufacturers.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, December 1, 1854. CONSOLS, on the whole, during the week, have ruled flatter than was anticipated last Saturday. Parliament having been called for the probable end of finding means to carry on the war, the embodiment of the militia, &c. &c., besides the still vexed question of the German Powers, all these considerations make the Funds very flat, and nothing but the coming dividend would keep them up at all. Railways and other shares have been dealt in sparingly. Turkish Scrip has been dropping. The settling day, yesterday, passed off quietly, although there must have been some very heavy losers on the Bull account in Turkish Scrip. Rumours are about that a new Turkish loan to a greater extent than heretofore, and to include the last three millions, with a guarantee from France and England for the due payment of the interest, is in course of agitation. Mining shares are utterly neglected. General consols were dull yesterday, people having fancied erroneously that the lost steamer, the *Prince*, had not been bought by the Government; but it is plain that the Screw Company has not only sold the said vessel but also received payment, 105,000*l.* The severe losses at sea in the *Euxine*, although wanting absolute confirmation, have formed part of the reasons for the depression of the market.

Consols opened this morning at 91½, 92, have since been done at 91, and close at four o'clock at 91½, for account, 92 for next time. Turkish Scrip 6 per cent. Russian Fives, 95, 97.

Caledonians, 59, 60; Eastern Counties, 11, 11½; Great Northern, 87, 88; A stock, 73, 74; B stock, 123, 125; Great Western, 69½, 69; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 70½, 71½; London and Brighton, 104, 106; London and South-Western, 97½, 98½; Midlands, 66½, 67½; Berwick, 72, 74; York and North, 50, 51; Oxford, Wolverhampton, and Worcester, 29, 31; South-Eastern, 57½, 58½; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 6, 6½; Eastern of France, 304, 301; Luxembourg, 34, 4; Paris and Lyons, 17½, 18½ pm.; Paris and Orleans, 44, 45; Paris and Rouen, 36, 38; Namur and Liege, 64, 7; Western of France, 4, 5 pm.; Great Western of Canada, 164, 174; Agua Fria, 14, 15; Pontgibaud, 154, 164; South Australian, 3, 1-16, 5, 1-16 pm.; Peninsular, 1 pm.; Wallers, 1, 1½; Australasian Bank, 77, 80; Chartered Bank of Australia, 22, 24; x. all; Oriental Bank, 36, 38; Union Bank of Australia, 67, 69; Australian Agricultural, 35, 37; Crystal Palace, 24, 26; General Screw Steam, 13, 14; North British Australasian, 14, 15; Scottish Australian Investment, 14, 14; South Australian Land, 33, 35.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening, Dec. 1.

The supply of English wheat has been moderate, yet prices continue to droop, without, however, giving way to any quotable extent. A few Baltic cargoes have arrived, and for the best kinds of old Wheat there has been some little demand. The quantity now in granary in London is very trifling: so that with some demand from Ireland and the West Coast of England, for old Black Sea Wheat, the value of this description if fully maintained. For Odessa Chirka Wheat, which was sold last week at 74s. as much as 76s. has been paid, and other parcels are now held at 77s. and 78s. Stettin Wheat 61lbs. on passage is offered at 72s. Rostock

at 75s., cost and freight to London or East Coast. Barley of all descriptions has continued to decline slightly in value. Oats support Monday's prices with tolerable firmness, but there is a slow sale, and for cargoes coming on demurrage 6d. less must be taken. Beans are firm. Peas are drooping. The French markets continue to rise.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock	209½	209	209	210	209½	209
3 per Cent. Red.	90½	90½	90½	90½	90½	90½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	92½	92	91½	91½	91½	91½
3 per Cent. An.	92½	92½	91½	91½	91½	91½
New 2½ per Cent.	92½	92½	91½	91½	91½	91½
Long Ans. 1860	45-16	45-16	45-16	45-16	45-16	45-16
India Stock	230	233	230	232	233	233
Ditto Bonds, £1000	7	10	10	10	10	10
Ditto, under £1000	7	10	7	11	11	11
Ex. Bills, £1000	3 p	3 p	3	6	6	6
Ditto, £500	6 p	6 p	6	3	6	6
Ditto, Small	6 p	6 p	6	6	6	6

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)	
Brasilian Bonds	97
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents.	1822
Chilian 3 per Cents.	73
Danish 3 per Cents.	34
Ecutor Bonds	211
Mexican 3 per Cents.	214
Mexican 3 per Cents. for Acc. Nov. 30	214
Portuguese 5 per Cents.	434
Portuguese 3 per Cents.	434
Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents	1822
Russian 4½ per Cents.	87
Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	87
Spanish Committee Cert.	of Comp. not fun.
Venezuela 34 per Cents.	214
Belgian 44 per Cents.	214
Dutch 24 per Cents.	604
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif	604

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.

Monday and during the week the performances will commence with the burletta called

THE BEULAH SPA.

Principal Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Emery, F. Robson, H. Cooper; Miss Marston, Mrs. A. Wigan, Mrs. Pittallan, and Miss Julia St. George.

After which the comic drama of

THE FIRST NIGHT.

Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Leslie, Gladstone, H. Cooper, Miss Julia St. George, and Miss E. Ormonde.

To conclude with the new farce called

A BLIGHTED BEING.

In which Mr. F. Robson will appear.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has the honour to announce that his ASCENT OF MONT BLANC will RE-OPEN FOR THE SEASON, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4TH, 1854.

THE WHITTINGTON CLUB, Established 1848, affords all the advantages of a Literary Institution and Club House, including Library and News Room, Lectures, Classes, and Concerts, Weekly Soirées (free to Members), Dining, Supper, Smoking, and Chess Room. Subscription, Two Guineas a Year. One Guinea Half Year. Fourteen Shillings a Quarter. No Entrance Fee. Cards of Membership, dating from the 1st of December, are now ready. A full Prospectus and a list of Lectures may be had on application.

Lecture, Thursday, Dec. 7, C. Charles, Esq., on *Burlesque*. To commence at 8 o'clock. Members free.

HENRY Y. BRACE, Secretary.

37, Arundel-street, Strand.

TEAS and COFFEES at MERCHANTS' PRICES.

Strong Congou Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., and 3s.
 Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d.
 The Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, 4s.
 Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d.
 Best Mysore Gunpowder, 4s. 8d.
 The Best Pearl Gunpowder, 5s.
 Prime Coffee, 1s., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d.
 The Best Mocha and the Best West India Coffee, 1s. 4d.
 Sugars are supplied at market prices.

All goods sent carriage free by our own vans, if within eight miles. Teas, coffees, and spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market-town in England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.—Our large consignments of new French and Spanish Fruits are in very fine condition this year, and are now on show at our Warehouse, 8, King William-street, City. For prices, see general Price Current, post free on application.

TO LOVERS OF FISH.

100 real Yarmouth Blotters for 6s., package included. The above are forwarded to all parts on receipt of penny postage stamps, or P. O. O. (preferred) for the amount. Send plain address, county, and nearest station.—Address, Thomas Lettis, jun., fish-curer, Great Yarmouth.

FORD'S EUREKA COLOURED SHIRT.

ING is now ready. In 200 different patterns. Specimens in various colours sent post free on receipt of six stamps.

FORD'S WHITE EUREKA SHIRTS. Six for 27s. **FORD'S WHITE EUREKAS**, best quality. Six for 40s.; second quality, Six for 31s.; if washed ready for use, 2s. extra.

CAUTION.—Ford's Eureka Shirts are stamped, "33, RUTLEY, LONDON," without which none are genuine.

EFFECTUAL SUPPORT FOR VARIOUS VEINS.

—This elastic and compressing stocking, or article of any other required form, is pervious, light, and inexpensive, and easily drawn on without lacing or bandaging. Instructions for measurement and prices on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, WATERLOO PLACE, FILL MALL, LONDON.

FUTVOYE'S WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

It would be impossible to enumerate the enormous variety of articles, both valuable and inexpensive, which may be inspected daily at this Establishment. All goods marked in plain figures. Illustrated Catalogues sent free on application.

It may be well to state that all visitors to this magnificent establishment will meet with a polite reception whether purchasers or otherwise.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

FUTVOYE'S GOLD and SILVER WATCHES.

of English or Foreign Manufacture.—The long tested qualities of these articles are of themselves sufficient to insure the approbation of a discerning public.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

FUTVOYE'S DRESSING CASES for LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

in leather, walnut, and other choice woods, from 1 to 100 guineas. Also, their Government DESPATCH BOXES are too well known to require comment.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

FUTVOYE'S PAPIER MACHE.

The superior qualities of these articles need only be seen to be fully appreciated, arising from the well-known fact (among the aristocracy and nobility) that Mr. Futvoye is the son of the original Inventor of this beautiful work, whose choicest specimens are in possession of her most gracious Majesty.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

FUTVOYE'S FRENCH TIMEPIECES.

The statistical accounts presented by the Customs to the House of Commons prove that Messrs. Futvoye are by far the largest importers. 500 of the most elegant and classical designs in ormolu with glass shade and stand complete, from 2 to 100 guineas, may be inspected at 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

MANTELPIECE ORNAMENTS.

At this season, when naturally compelled to draw around our snug fireplaces, we are apt to feel the want of something artistic or pretty to rest the eye upon. Those experiencing this, or desirous of adding to their already choice selection, should visit the extensive Show Rooms of Messrs. Futvoye and Co., where they have the privilege of examining everything, whether customers or otherwise.

FUTVOYE'S PARISIAN NOVELTIES

toujours Nouveaux, from 1s. to 100 guineas, may be more easily imagined than described.

Retail, 154, Regent-street, corner of Beak-street.

Wholesale and export warehouses, 28 and 29, Silver-street, Golden-square.

City, 22, Great Winchester-street.

Paris, 34, Rue de Rivoli.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.**THE MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS**

is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so often hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer, Mr. JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c. for VARIOUS VEINS and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c.

They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 10s. Postage, 6d.

THE BEST SHOW of IRON BED-STEADS in the KINGDOM is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.

He has TWO VERY LARGE ROOMS, which are devoted to the EXCLUSIVE SHOW of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Mattresses. Common Iron Bedsteads, 15s.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 21s.; and Cots, from 21s. each. Handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 21s. 10s. to 137l. 13s.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

The Real NICKEL SILVER, introduced 20 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Tea Spoons, per dozen	18s.	20s.	32s.
Dessert Forks	30s.	40s.	46s.
Dessert Spoons	30s.	42s.	48s.
Table Forks	40s.	50s.	64s.
Table Spoons	40s.	50s.	60s.

Tea and coffee sets, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

	Fiddle.	Thread.	King's.
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen	12s.	28s.	30s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s.	21s.	25s.
Tea ditto	5s.	11s.	12s.

GAS CHANDELIERS and BRACKETS.

The increased and increasing use of Gas in Private Houses has induced WILLIAM S. BURTON to collect from all the various manufacturers all that is New and Choice in Brackets, Pendants, and Chandeliers, adapted to offices, passages, and dwelling-rooms, as well as to have some designed expressly for him; these are now ON SHOW in one of his TEN LARGE ROOMS, and present, for novelty, variety, and purity of taste, an unequalled assortment. They are marked in plain figures, at prices proportionate with those which have tended to make his Establishment the largest and most remarkable in the kingdom, viz., from 12s. 6d. (two light) to 16l.

LAMPS of all SORTS and PATTERNS.

The Largest, as well as the Choicest Assortment in existence of FRENCH and ENGLISH MODERATEUR, PALMER'S, CAMPHINE, ARGAND, SOLAR, and other LAMPS, with all the latest improvements, and of the newest and most recherche patterns, in ormolu, Bohemian, and plain glass, or papier maché, is at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, and they are arranged in one large room, so that patterns, sizes, and sorts can be instantly selected.

Real French Colza Oil, 4s. 9d. per gallon.

Palmer's Candles, 9d., 9d., and 10d. per lb.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS (all communicating), exclusive of the shop, devoted solely to the showing of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY (including cutlery, nickel silver, plated and japan wares, iron and brass bedsteads and bedding), so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); 1, 2, and 3, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

PREPARED for Medicinal Use in the Loffoden Isles, Norway, and put to the Test of Chemical Analysis. Prescribed by eminent Medical Men as the most effectual REMEDY for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, some DISEASES of the SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTINE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—effecting a cure or alleviating suffering much more rapidly than any other kind.

PURE and UNADULTERATED.

The great difficulty of obtaining genuine and good Cod Liver Oil has long prevented a just appreciation of its acknowledged remedial virtues, and precluded many suffering invalids from realising the beneficial effects of this truly valuable medicine.

Dr. De Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil is of the best kind and finest quality, being extracted from the liver of the Dorset—*Gadus Callarias*, a species of cod-fish caught at the great fishery of the Loffoden Isles—by a process yielding a much larger proportion of iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile acid, the elements of the bile, and other essential principles, than the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are deprived in a great measure of their active elements.

The well-merited celebrity of Dr. De Jongh's Oil is attested by its extensive use in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Italy; by numerous spontaneous testimonials from eminent members of the faculty and scientific chemists of European reputation, and, since its recent introduction into this country, by the marked confidence as well as great success with which it has been prescribed by medical practitioners.

In many instances where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil have been taken with little or no benefit, it has produced almost immediate relief, arrested disease, and restored health.

Sold in London by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand, Dr. De Jongh's sole accredited Consignees and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions, and sent by them, CARRIAGE FREE, to all parts of town.

May be obtained, in the Country, from respectable Chemists and Vendors of Medicine. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring the Oil, Messrs. ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co. will forward four half-pint bottles to any part of England, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a remittance of Ten Shillings.

Half pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.

IMPERIAL MEASURE.

* * The bottles are labelled with Dr. De Jongh's stamp and signature, without which none are genuine.

BOARD OF TRADE, DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.**AID TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS in OBTAINING EXAMPLES for ART-INSTRUCTION.**

The Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade having resolved to furnish examples to Schools in accordance with the plan adopted by the Committee of Privy Council for Education, and to discontinue the practice of keeping a stock of such articles at the Department, Notice is hereby given, that on and after the 1st of January, 1855, Examples will not be supplied directly from the Department of Science and Art as at present, but through agents in London and the provinces.

Forms of application for aid, and further information, may be obtained at the Offices, Marlborough House, Pall-mall, London.

Marlborough House, 30th November, 1854.

MESSRS. PETO, BRASSEY, BETTS, and CO., WANT IMMEDIATELY, to PROCEED TO THE CRIMEA, under a Civil Engineer, GOOD MINERS, QUARRYMEN, PLATE-LAYERS, CARPENTERS, SMITHS, and NAVVIES.—LIBERAL WAGES, and engagement for a definite period. None but steady experienced Workmen, who can produce recommendations from their late employers, will be taken. Apply at the Office, 41 Waterloo Road, near the York Hotel, where all further particulars can be obtained.—Dec. 1, 1854.

CHUBB'S LOCKS, with all the recent improvements. Strong Fire-proof Safes, Cash and Deed Boxes. Complete lists of sizes and prices may be had on application.

CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; 28, Lord-street, Liverpool; 16, Market-street, Manchester; and Horsley-fields, Wolverhampton.

THE MOST APPROVED STOVES.

The demand for the CHUNK and VESTA STOVES (separately patented) still continuing unabated, and numbers having been sold last season (in all upwards of 14,000) through the patronage of families who have had experience of their pre-eminently useful qualities, WILLIAM S. BURTON has renewed confidence in recommending them for their cleanliness, economy, and safety. During the last thirteen years they have been found sources of great comfort in the bedroom of the invalid, affording an uniform temperature throughout the day and night, with one supply of fuel, without attention. Particulars sent post free. Chunk, 30s. to 50s.; Vesta, from 35s.; stoves for warehouses, &c., from 10s. each. Joyce's patent fuel, 4s. 6d. per sealed bag.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS (all communicating) exclusive of the Shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY (including cutlery, nickel silver, plated and japan wares, iron and brass bedsteads), so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); 1 and 3, NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

BENNETT'S MODEL WATCH.

In gold cases from 10 guineas. In silver cases from 5 guineas.

Every watch is skillfully examined, timed, and its performance guaranteed.

BENNETT, WATCH MANUFACTURER, 63, CHEAPSIDE.

FRENCH MODERATOR LAMPS.

A very large and superior stock now ON SALE at DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s (Opening to the Monument), London Bridge.

Established A.D. 1700.

THE ONLY STOVE WITHOUT A FLUE.

Joyce's Patent, for warming halls, shops, greenhouses, storerooms, and all other places. Price from 12s. To be seen in action at the proprietor's, SWAN NASH, 253, Oxford-street, and the CITY DEPOT, 119, Newgate-street, London. PATENT PREPARED FUEL, 2s. 6d. per bushel. JOYCE'S PORTABLE LAUNDRY STOVE will heat for 12 hours six flat and Italian irons with one pennyworth of coke or cinder. GAS STOVES in great variety. MODERATOR LAMPS, complete, from 12s. to 6 guineas. SWAN NASH solicits an inspection of his new and elegant SHOW-ROOMS, in which he has an assortment of the above lamps, unequalled for price and quality in London. Refined Rape Oil, 5s. per gallon. Prospectuses, with drawings, free.

TRELOAR'S COCOA-NUT FIBRE

MATTING.—Door Mats, Mattresses, Cushions, Hossacks, Brushes, Netting, &c. &c. Catalogues free by post. WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON.

THE 16s. TROUSERS reduced to 14s.

Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.—Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s., made to order from Scotch Tweeds, all wool, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent-street.

A perfect fit guaranteed.

AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA. This is, of all known remedies, the most pure, safe, active, and efficacious in the purification of the blood of all morbid matter, of bile, urea, acids, scrofulous substances, humours of all kinds, which produce rashes, eruptions, salt rheum, erysipelas, scald head, sore eyes and ears, sore throat and ulcers, and sores on any part of the body. It is unsurpassed in its action upon the liver, the lungs, and the stomach, removing any cause of disease from those organs, and expelling all humours from the system. By cleansing the blood, it for ever prevents pustules, scabs, pimples and every variety of sores on the face and breast. It is a great tonic, and imparts strength and vigour to the debilitated and weak, gives rest and refreshing sleep to the nervous and restless invalid. It is a great female medicine, and will cure more complaints peculiar to the sex than any other remedy in the world. Warehouse, 878, Strand, London. Joining Exeter-Hall: POMEROY, ANDREWS, and CO., Sole Proprietors. Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; pints, 4s.; small quarts, 4s. 6d.; quarts, 7s. 6d.; mammoth, 11s.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, Old Broad-street, London. Instituted 1820.

SAMUEL HIBBERT, Esq., Chairman.

WILLIAM R. ROBINSON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

The Scale of Premiums adopted by this Office will be found of a very moderate character, but at the same time quite adequate to the risk incurred.

Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, to an immediate payment in cash, or to the reduction and ultimate extinction of future Premiums.

One-third of the Premium on Insurances of 500l. and upwards, for the whole term of life, may remain as a debt upon the Policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the Directors will lend sums of 50l. and upwards, on the security of Policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

SECURITY.—Those who effect Insurances with this Company are protected by its Subscribed Capital of 750,000l., of which nearly 140,000l. is invested, from the risk incurred by members of Mutual Societies.

The satisfactory financial condition of the Company, exclusive of the Subscribed and Invested Capital, will be seen from the following statement:—

On the 31st October, 1853, the sums Assured, including Bonus added, amounted to £2,500,000
The Premium Fund to more than 800,000
And the Annual Income from the same source, to 100,000
Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,

72, Lombard-street, and 24, Connaught-terrace.

Richard Malins, Esq., Q.C., Richard Spooner, Esq., M.P.
James Fuller Madox, Esq., John Campbell Renton, Esq.
William Wilberforce, Esq.
A reduction of 25 per cent. has been made on the premiums of all policies of five years' standing.
ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION,
No. 3, Pall Mall East, London.

Established A.D. 1844.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.

PARTIES desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with perfect security.

The interest is payable in JANUARY and JULY, at the Head Office in London; and may also be received at the various Branches, or through Country Bankers, without delay or expense.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses and Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

GENERAL INDEMNITY INSURANCE COMPANY, Cannon-street West.—Capital, 500,000l.

Every description of insurance business transacted at this office. Policies absolutely indisputable. Guarantees afforded against losses arising from robberies, forgeries, frauds, debts, insolvency, and non-payment of rent. Fire and life insurance effected on improved and safe principles. Plate-glass insured.

Prospectuses, terms of agency, proposals, &c., can be had on application. J. G. HUGHES, Secretary.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BANKING COMPANY.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.

The Court of Directors grant LETTERS OF CREDIT and BILLS upon the Company's Bank at ADELAIDE at PAR. Approved drafts negotiated and sent for collection. Business with the Australian colonies generally, conducted through the Bank's Agents.

Apply at the Company's Offices, 54, Old Broad-street, London. WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.
London, December, 1854.

ITALIAN AND FRENCH LANGUAGES.

MR. ARRIVABENE, D.L.L., from the University of Padua, who has been established in London for three years, gives private lessons in Italian and French at his own house, or at the house of his pupils. He also attends Schools both in town and country. Mr. ARRIVABENE teaches on a plan thoroughly practical, and the most mediocre mind cannot fail to thoroughly comprehend his lessons.

Apply by letter to Mr. ARRIVABENE, No. 4, St. Michael's-place, Brompton.

TESTIMONIALS by PRESENTATION

having become so much the custom, and in consequence of Messrs. PUTVOYE having been frequently applied to for suitable articles, they beg to state to all those who would pay such graceful tributes to public merit or private worth, that in all cases when it is clearly shown goods are required for such a purpose, and the amount exceeds 50l., they shall allow 10 per cent. from their regular marked prices.

184, Regent-street, August 23, 1854.

DEAFNESS AND SINGING NOISES.—

Instant relief by Dr. HOGHTON's new and painless mode of cure. Any extremely deaf sufferer, by one visit, is permanently enabled to hear with ease the usual tone of conversation, without operation, pain, or the use of instruments. Thirty-four patients cured last week; many totally deaf instantaneously restored to perfect hearing. Testimonials from the highest medical authority in London can be seen, and persons referred to.

The above discovery is known and practised only by Dr. Houghton, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons, May 2, 1845; L.A.C. April 30, 1846. Institution for the Cure of Deafness, 9, Suffolk-place, Pall-mall.

Just published, Self-Cure of Deafness, for country patients—a stop to empiricism, quackery, and exorbitant fees—sent on receipt of seven stamps, free.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER (Price Half-a-Crown) contains:—

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR.
CHARLES KEMBLE.
THE ATTITUDE OF AUSTRIA IN THE EAST.
ASPER COURT, AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT. A TALE OF OUR OWN TIME. BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.
THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.
PARIS VIVEUR, BOHEMIAN, AND INDUSTRIAL.
ROBERT SOUTHEY AND CHARLES LAMB.
AN ADVENTURE IN SWITZERLAND.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

for DECEMBER, price 2s. 6d., contains:—

1. THE CRIMEA AND SEBASTOPOL.
2. A PILGRIMAGE TO THE LAND OF LEIX AND OSBORY. CONCLUSION.
3. THE WAITS: A CHRISTMAS STORY.
4. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.
5. MORSES UPON GRAVESTONES. CONCLUSION.
6. ROSE CONDON: A BALLAD OF FEAR-MUTCHIE-FEINE. BY FEARDANA.
7. THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.
8. LEAVES FROM THE PORTUGUESE OLIVE. No. V.
9. RECENT TOURISTS IN AMERICA: A MERRY ONE AND A WISE ONE.
10. A CHANT FOR DECEMBER.
11. MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT BROWN.
12. PROFESSOR EDWARD FORBES.

Dublin: JAMES M'GLASHAN, 50, Upper Sackville-street. And all Booksellers.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE for DECEMBER,

price 2s. 6d., or by post 3s., contains:

CHARLES KEMBLE.
"GILT AND GINGERBREAD;" OR, TOM FOOT'S DAY IN THE CITY.
ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
A COMMON-PLACE ENGLISH TOUR.
A LEGEND OF DESPAIR. BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.
RESEARCHES IN DUTCH LITERATURE. FIFTH AND CONCLUDING PART.
GENERAL BOUNCE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND." CONCLUSION.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
THE POULTRY PENTAGON.
KAYE'S LIFE OF LORD METCALFE.
SIAM, AND ITS DISTINGUISHED PRINCES.
A RETROSPECT OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.
London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW for DECEMBER contains:—
1. The Queens before the Conquest. 2. Alexander the False Prophet. 3. Della Casa on Etiquette. 4. The Sequel of the History of Sir Piers Corbise and the Earl of Stafford. 5. Horse-raising temp. James I. & Original Documents relating to Katharine of Arragon. 7. On Windows in Stained Glass, and particularly the new West Window of Norwich Cathedral. 8. Roman Antiquities lately discovered in France (with Engravings). With Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban, Notes of the Month, Historical and Miscellaneous Reviews, Antiquarian Researches, Historical Chronicle, and OBITUARY, including Memoirs of the Earls of Abington and Eldon; Lord Dunsany; Rt. Hon. Sir George Arthur; Admiral Sir T. B. Martin; General Sir Gordon Drummond; Ralph Bernal, Esq.; John Wilks, Esq.; William Dent, Esq.; Rev. William Cooke; Montague Gosset, Esq.; Samuel Phillips, Esq., &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d.
NICHOLS and SONS, 25, Parliament-street.

Price One Shilling.

THE NATIONAL MISCELLANY

for DECEMBER contains:—1. The Russian Church, and its Effect upon the Present War.—2. Birds and their Associations.—3. Pre-Ruinism.—4. Pinto Ribeiro; or the Revolution in Portugal (continued).—5. John Liburne, and the Levellers of the Commonwealth.—6. Extracts from the Journal of an Officer in the Expeditionary Force (continued).—7. NOTICES.—The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.—Walter the Schoolmaster.—The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems.—The Twofold Slavery of the United States, with a Project of Self-Emancipation.—8. Poetry.
At the Office, No. 1, Exeter-street, Strand, London.

Just published, price 2s., post free, 2s. 6d.

NERVOUS AFFECTIONS: an Essay on Spasmata; its Nature and Treatment, with an Exposition of the Frauds that are practised by persons who advertise the speedy, safe, and effectual cure of Nervous Derangement. BY A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, London.

London: AYLLOTT and Co., 8, Paternoster-row.

DEAFNESS.—IMPORTANT DIS-

COVERY.—Dr. MANFRED, M.R.C.S., has this day published, free by post, for eight postage stamps, a Physician's Guide for Country Patients, for the Perfect and Permanent Restoration of Hearing, by his invaluable New Treatment. Being a stop to quackery, cruel impositions on the suffering public, and exorbitant charges, this book will save thousands from the impositions of the self-styled doctors, inasmuch as the hearing can be restored for life. Deafness of the most inveterate nature relieved in half an hour, cured in a few hours, almost instant cessation of noises in the ears and head, by painless treatment. Hundreds of letters may be seen, and persons referred to, who have heard the usual tone of conversation in a few hours. Patients received daily at Dr. Manfred's residence, 72, Regent-street, London (first door in Air-street), where all letters must be addressed.

New in course of publication, Monthly.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF ART, consisting of a limited number of proofs (exclusively) on India paper of THE ENGRAVINGS from the choicest pictures in the PRIVATE COLLECTIONS of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, to whom the work is by special permission dedicated, and who head the list of subscribers, to whom only in this form is the work issued.

For prospectuses, &c., application may be made to the publishers, Messrs. P. and D. COLNAGHI and Co., Pall-mall East; or to the Editor, S. C. HALL, Esq., F.S.A., 4, Lancaster-place, Strand, London.

MR. S. C. HALL had the honour of illustrating several fine engravings from pictures at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne, about to be published in "The Royal Gallery of Art."—*Court Circular*, Nov. 24. This work consists principally of engravings from the private collection at Osborne, such pictures being the purchases of her Majesty and the Prince from living artists of the several existing schools. The work is dedicated, by special permission, to her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and is issued under their "immediate sanction and patronage."

Publishers: Messrs. COLNAGHI and Co., Printers to her Majesty, &c. Communications may be addressed to the Editor, S. C. HALL, Esq., F.S.A., 4, Lancaster-place, Strand.

Just ready, imperial 4to, one guinea.

PARABLES OF OUR LORD. Illustrated by FRANKLIN, engraved in the finest style of line engraving.

* * * To meet the extended demand for this superb work, an Edition is prepared at One Guinea, neatly bound and gilt.

A few remaining copies of the First Edition, handsomely bound, 2l. 2s.; an Edition in French, bound, 1l. 11s. 6d.

JOHN MITCHELL, Bookseller to her Majesty, 35, Old Broad-street.

CHEAP BOOKS.

SECOND-HAND COPIES of each of the following WORKS are NOW ON SALE at MUMF'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Oliphant's Black Sea, 4s. 6d.—Life of Thomas Moore, 6 vols. 2s.; The Roses, 5s.
Hill's Travels in Siberia, 10s. 6d.; Parkyn's Abyssinia, 15s.; Purple Tints of Paris, 6s.
Curzon's Armenia, 3s. 6d.; Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures, 21s.; Villette, 6s.
Haydon's Autobiography, 12s.; Frontier Lands of the Christian and Turk, 10s. 6d.
Atherton, by Miss Mitford, 10s. 6d.; Hooker's Himalayan Journals, 18s.

Landon's Last Fruit off an Old Tree, 5s. 6d.; Napoleon at St. Helena, 15s.

Layard's Second Visit to Nineveh, 10s. 6d.; Bremer's Impressions of America, 10s. 6d.

De Sauley's Visit to the Dead Sea, 12s.; Egerton's Tour in India, 6s.; Ruth, 7s. 6d.

Harry Muir, 5s.; Lady Bird, 9s.; Lady Marian, 5s.; Magdalen Hepburn, 10s. 6d.

Aubrey, by Mrs. Marsh, 10s. 6d.; A Clever Woman, by Mrs. Trollope, 14s.

Progress and Prejudice, by Mrs. Goro, 6s.; Life in the Mission and Camp, 7s. 6d.

Cheyney's Russo-Turkish Campaigns, 5s.; Moltke's Russians in Bulgaria, 7s. 6d.

Smyth's Year with the Turks, 3s.; Reginald Lyle, by Miss Pardoe, 9s.

My Novel, 4 vols. 10s. 6d.; Slade's Travels in Turkey, 6s.; The Twin Sisters, 5s.

Strickland's Twenty-Seven Years in Canada, 5s.; Life in the Clearings, 6s.; Avillion, 5s.

My Home in Tasmania, 7s.; Westminster Abbey, 7s. 6d.; The Great Highway, 3 vols. 5s.

And many other recent Works, a List of which may be obtained on application.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 510, New Oxford-street, London; and 76, Cross-street, Manchester.

EDUCATION at BRIXTON, SURREY.—

There are two Vacancies for Pupils in an Establishment for Young Ladies where only a limited number of boarders are received. The treatment is kind and liberal. Terms moderate.—For further particulars apply to Mrs. F. LOVER, Sycamore House, Brixton-hill.

THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE

OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM IN 1855.

ALL GOVERNMENTS, RELIGIONS, CLASSES, SECTS, AND PARTIES, IN ALL COUNTRIES, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a Meeting to be held in the Metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 14th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which all Governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And as a preliminary measure, the UNITED TRADING SOCIETY of this METROPOLIS are invited to elect and send delegates to a Meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, January 1st, 1855, at 7 p.m., to have explained to them that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow-workmen over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which will be recommended them to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates, to be held as stated, 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order, wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within these new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and a right good-will to aid and benefit them, regardless of their class, creed, country, or colour.

There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings, but the whole will be conducted with "Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their history will be alone to the God of the Universe who evidently worketh all things, in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

London, 25th November, 1854.

ROBERT OWEN.

Now ready, in a richly ornamental binding, imp. 8vo, 21s.
MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSE-ROSO. With upwards of Thirty Illustrations Drawn and Etched by BIRKET FOSTER. The text printed in Red.
 DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

In post 8vo, price 7s. 6d., illustrated with Engravings in imitation of Photographic Pictures.
CONSTANTINOPLE OF TO-DAY. By THEOPHILE GAUTIER, translated from the French by E. H. GOULD, Esq., M.A.

"The particular merit of M. Gautier's work is, that it brings before us the peculiarities of the people as well as of the place. He enters the Greek quarter, the Jews' quarter, visits cafes, conjurers, and pachas, and wastes neither his own nor his reader's time."—*Economist*.
 DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

NEW BOY'S BOOK, by the Author of "The Boyhunters."
 Now ready, fcap., 7s. cloth.

THE FOREST EXILES; or, the Perils of a
 Prentiss Family amid the Wilds of the Amazon. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. With Twelve Illustrations.

By the same Author,
THE BOYHUNTERS. 4th Edition, 7s.
THE DESERT HOME. 4th Edition, 7s.
THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS. 2nd Edition, 7s.
 DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

NEW BOOK FOR BOYS.

Now ready, fcap., 5s. cloth.

HISTORY FOR BOYS; or, Annals of the
 Nations of Modern Europe. By J. G. EDGAR, Author of "The Boyhood of Great Men." With Illustrations.

By the same Author,

THE BOYHOOD OF GREAT MEN. 3rd Edition, 3s. 6d.
FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS MEN. 2nd Edition, 3s. 6d.
 DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

NEW BOY'S BOOK, by HENRY MAYHEW.

Now ready, fcap., 6s. cloth.

THE STORY OF THE PEASANT-BOY
 PHILOSOPHER. Founded on the early life of FUGUERO, the Shepherd-boy Astronomer; and intended to show how a poor lad became acquainted with the principles of Natural Science. By HENRY MAYHEW, Author of "London Labour and the London Poor," &c. With numerous illustrations.
 DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY
 LORREQUER."

This day is published, No. 1., price 1s.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN.
 By CHARLES LEVER.
 With Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE.

In post 8vo, with Portraits, price 12s.

SOME MEMORIALS OF JOHN HAMPDEN,
 HIS PARTY, AND HIS TIMES.
 By LORD NUGENT.
 Third Edition, with a Memoir of Lord Nugent.
 [This day.]

In 3 vols., post 8vo.

THE HOUSE OF RABY; or, OUR LADY
 OF DARKNESS.
 [This day.]

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Just published,

KOSSUTH'S ADDRESS on the WAR
 QUESTION, with special Reference to the Independence of Poland. Delivered on the occasion of the Polish Anniversary, the 24th of November, 1854, at St. Martin's Hall. Authentic Edition. Price 1d.

TRUBNER and Co., 12, Paternoster-row.

PETER PARLEY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Now ready, in one volume, 8vo, pp. 320, with 12 Chromolithographs, from Designs by Champagne at Paris, elegantly bound, gilt edges, price 12s.

A WINTER WREATH OF SUMMER
 FLOWERS.

By S. G. GOODRICH (PETER PARLEY).

TRUBNER and Co., 12, Paternoster-row.

Now ready, price 2l. 2s., in two handsome 8vo volumes appropriately bound, and illustrated by upwards of 120. Hieroglyphic and other Engravings, many of which are coloured.

THE MONUMENTAL HISTORY
 OF EGYPT.
 As Recorded on the Ruins of her Temples, Palaces, and Tombs.

By WILLIAM OSBURN, R.S.L., Author of "Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth," "Israel in Egypt," &c.

The number of hieroglyphics and other illustrations amounts to upwards of 1200, not one of which has been copied from any existing English work; many being taken from sketches by the author's own hand; whilst assistance has also been sought from very elaborate and costly works issued by the Governments of France, Italy, and Germany, and which are almost unknown in England. The engravers employed have been engaged in the highest walks of art, and are the same as were occupied in the illustration of "Layard's Nineveh," "The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels," and "Murray's Illustrated Book of Common Prayer."

Great expense has been incurred in producing this admirable work in a style worthy of the contents. It is printed with all the care which the nature of the book requires, and with every attention to artistic elegance and typographical beauty.

London: TRUBNER and Co., 12, Paternoster-row.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

I.
PROFESSOR CREASTY'S HISTORY OF
 THE OTTOMAN TURKS, from the Foundation of their Empire to the Present Time. Vol. I. (complete in two), 8vo, with Maps and Plans, 14s.

II.
LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MEMO-
 RIALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. Vol. III. (complete in four), 8vo, 14s.

III.
REV. J. B. MARSDEN'S (Author of
 "The Early and Later Puritans") HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES and SECTS. Part I. (complete in eight Monthly parts), 8vo, 3s. 6d.

IV.
OUR CAMP IN TURKEY AND THE
 WAY TO IT. By Mrs. YOUNG, Author of "Cutch," "Western India," &c. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

V.
LAMARTINE'S MEMOIRS OF CELE-
 BRATED CHARACTERS, to which is now first added A LIFE OF MILTON. Second and Cheaper Edition. 2 vols. 12s.

VI.
WOMEN AS THEY ARE. By One of
 Them. By the Author of "Margaret; or, Prejudice at Home and Its Victims." 2 vols. 12s.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street, Publisher in Ordinary to her Majesty.

SIR GEORGE STEPHEN ON SLAVERY.

This day is published, fcap., price 4s.

ANTI-SLAVERY RECOLLECTIONS: in a
 Series of Letters addressed to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, written by SIR GEORGE STEPHEN, at her request.
 London: T. HATCHARD, 187, Piccadilly; and of any Bookseller.

THE PRESENT BOOK.

In 4to, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 17. 11s. 6d.; morocco, 2l. 8s.; in morocco, by Hayday, 2l. 12s. 6d.

TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,
 illustrated. The Designs by C. W. COPE, R.A., Fred. R. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A., John TENNIEL, Edward H. CORBOULD, George DODGSON, Edward DUNCAN, Birket FOSTER, John GILBERT, James GODWIN, William HARVEY, J. C. HORSLEY, William L. LEITCH, Joseph SEVERN, Walter SEVERN. The Ornamental Initials and Vignettes by Henry Noel HUMPHREYS.
 London: THOMAS HATCHARD, Piccadilly.

This day is published, fcap., price 3s.

THE BATTLE OF ALMA AND ITS INCI-
 DENTS. By AN OFFICER.

CONTENTS.—The Battle Field.—The Advance.—The Position.—The Battle.—The Retreat. With authentic Lists of all the Officers and Soldiers Killed or Wounded upon that occasion.

London: T. HATCHARD, 187, Piccadilly; and all Booksellers.

ANNOTATED EDITION OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

This day, the First Volume, 2s. 6d. cloth, of

CHAUCER, with Memoir and Notes. By ROBERT BELL.
 Vol. II. on January 1, 1855.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

This day, crown-octavo, 6s.

LECTURES ON EDUCATION, delivered at
 the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by

W. WHEWELL, M.D. F.R.S.

Professor PARADAY, F.R.S.

R. G. LATHAM, M.D. F.R.S.

C. G. DAUBENY, M.D. F.R.S.

Professor TYNDALL, F.R.S.

J. PAGET, F.R.S.

W. B. HODGSON, LL.D.

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

Next week, Two Volumes, post octavo,

GENERAL BOUNCE; or, The Lady and
 the Locusts. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, Author of "Digby Grand." Originally published in "Fraser's Magazine."

London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW CHRISTMAS
 BOOK, "THE ROSE AND THE RING," with 53
 Cuts by the Author, price 6s., will be published on Saturday next.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 85, Cornhill.

New Edition, fcap., price 1s. 6d.

A FEW WORDS TO THE JEWS.
 By ONE OF THEMSELVES. [In a few days.]

London: JOHN CHAPMAN, 8, King William-street, Strand.

THE CRIMES of the HOUSE of HAPS-
 BURG AGAINST ITS OWN LIEGE SUBJECTS.
 By P. W. NEWMAN, Professor of Latin at University College. 1s. P. 6d.

London: JOHN CHAPMAN, 8, King William-street, Strand.

NEW POLITICAL WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE
 RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, M.P., A LIB-
 RARY AND POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY."

On Tuesday, the 12th inst., will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo,
THIRTY YEARS OF FOREIGN POLICY:
 A History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen
 and Viscount Palmerston.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

In One Volume, 8vo., price 18s.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, in its IDEA,
 ATTRIBUTES, and MINISTRY: with a particular
 reference to the Controversy on the Subject between Re-
 manists and Protestants. By the Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR
 LITTON, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.

"We would state our persuasion that few works of our
 own times merit a more careful and impartial examination,
 whether we consider the deep importance of the subject, its
 especial bearing on the circumstances of the present day,
 or the thoughtful and philosophical spirit in which it is dis-
 cussed. A work exhibiting such remarkable powers, both
 natural and acquired, evincing so unusual a grasp and
 vigour of mind in dealing with questions of the most intri-
 cate and subtle character, ought to receive the amplest
 consideration, and will, we doubt not, contribute to modify
 various theories which are afloat in the present day."—
English Review.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE REGISTRAR- GENERAL.

Just published, in royal 8vo, price 5s.

THE CENSUS OF GREAT BRITAIN in
 1851: comprising an Account of the Numbers and
 Distribution of the People; their Ages, Conjugal Condition,
 Occupations, and Birthplace; with Returns of the Blind,
 the Deaf and Dumb, and the inmates of Public Institu-
 tions; and an Analytical Index. Reprinted, in a condensed
 form, from the Official Reports and Tables.

Extract from Lord Harrowby's inaugural address at the
 General Meeting of the British Association at Liverpool,
 on Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1854:—"The work itself [the
 Census] is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest monuments
 that have ever been presented to a nation, as a record of its
 own constituent elements and condition; compiled and
 commented on with singular industry, judgment, acuteness,
 and impartiality—the Doomsday-book of the people of
 England, as the great volume of the Conqueror was of its
 surface."—*Morning Chronicle*.
 London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

SECOND EDITION.

Just published, fcap. 8vo, 5s.

DREAM OF PYTHAGORAS, and OTHER
 POEMS.

By EMMA TATHAM.

"Here is an unpretending volume of poems by a young
 lady; and we have nothing to add at present but a word of
 unfeigned sympathy and regard for a young mind so full
 of fine and fervent feeling, so rich in aspiration, so refined
 in culture, so pure and delicate in thought, so accomplished
 in expression."—*Leader*.
 "The 'Dream of Pythagoras' is a fine poem, full of fancy."
 —*Athenaeum*.

"There is a simplicity of language, an originality of
 thought, a redundancy of imagery, and an exuberance of
 fancy which we have seldom seen equalled in the produc-
 tions of any female writer."—*Britannia*.

"The writer has a fine imagination, a commanding flow
 of language, an ear so musical as to reject instinctively an
 inharmonious combination of vowels, or the clash of rugged
 consonants."—*Tait's Magazine*.

"Miss Tatham's poetry is characterised by unsurpassed
 purity of sentiment, high-toned piety, exquisite pathos, pro-
 found thought, brilliant conceptions, and the finest music,
 all clothed with a soft melancholy, which enchants the
 reader. The 'Dream of Pythagoras,' which is the leader of
 this train of mystical beauties, is a thrilling description of
 metempsychosis. We pronounce the book the most genuine
 specimen of original poetry which this poetical age has
 produced."—*Christian Weekly News*.

"Here we find merit enough to warrant us in welcoming
 this young lady to the band of poets whose words are not
 to fall unheeded. We do not fear comparison with Shelley
 and Mrs. Hemans."—*Church of England Review*.

"In every page we find a warm, lively, chastened imagi-
 nation, expressing its thoughts, hopes, and aspirations, in
 language at once so happy and vigorous, as to captivate the
 understanding, command the homage of the judgment, and
 awaken emotions which it were well for the hearts of all
 constantly to cherish."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.
 London: LONGMAN and Co., Paternoster-row; and all
 Booksellers.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S HARRY AND LUCY, &c.

HARRY and LUCY CONCLUDED: being the
 last Part of "Early Lessons." 3 vols. fcap. 10s. 6d.
 cloth.

Also, by the same Author,

EARLY LESSONS. 1st Series. 2 vols. 18mo.
 5s. cloth.

EARLY LESSONS. 2nd Series. 2 vols. 18mo.
 5s. cloth.

ROSAMOND: a sequel to Rosamond in "Early
 Lessons." 2 vols. 18mo. 5s. cloth.

FRANK: a Sequel to Frank in "Early Lessons."
 3 vols. 18mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

THE PARENTS ASSISTANT; or, Stories for
 Children. New Edition, with Engravings on Steel from
 Designs by Harvey. 3 vols. 18mo. 5s. cloth.

Also, an Edition in One Volume, with new Frontispiece
 and Vignette, fcap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.; WASHBOURNE
 and Co.; H. G. BORN, and Co.; DARTON and Co.; E.
 LUMLEY; HOULSTON and Co.; ROUTLEDGE, and Co.;
 SOTHERAN and Co.; and J. COXHEAD.

COMMON BLUNDERS MADE in SPEAK-
 ING and WRITING. By CHARLES W. SMITH.
 Post free from the Author for Five Stamps.

Every one who wishes to speak good English should buy
 this little book.

HINTS ON ELOCUTION. By CHARLES
 W. SMITH. Post free for Fourteen Stamps.

Materials for years of redaction."—*Leader*.

Address, Buckingham Chambers, 11, Buckingham-street,
 Strand.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for DECEMBER, 1854. No. CCCCXX. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN. WRITTEN IN A TENT IN THE CRIMEA.

I. The Rendezvous.—II. The Movement to the Crimea.—III. First Operations in the Crimea.—IV. Battle of the Alma.—V. The Battle-field.—VI. The Katcha and the Balbek.—VII. The Flank March.—VIII. Occupation of Balaklava.

ZAIDER: A ROMANCE.—PART I.

EDUCATION OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOLD UPON THE COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE WORLD.—PART II.

THE JEW: A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

THE TWENTIETH OF SEPTEMBER, EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED FIFTY-FOUR.

PROSPECTS OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

PEACE AND WAR.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH. By the Author of "Ten Thousand a Year."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S
CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.

No. XIII., price Sixpence, contains

**WHAT, HOW, AND WHY WE DIGEST.
THE BODY WE CHERISH.**

The Second Volume will be published on 15th December, and will complete the Series.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

This day is Published,

MISCELLANIES,
CRITICAL, IMAGINATIVE, AND JURIDICAL.
(Contributed to Blackwood's Magazine.)

By **SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L., F.R.S.**
Of the Inner Temple, One of Her Majesty's Counsel.

2 vols., post octavo, price 2s.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

This day is Published,

THE RURAL ECONOMY

OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

By **LEONCE DE LAVERGNE.**

Translated from the French.

WITH NOTES BY A SCOTTISH FARMER.

In Octavo, price 12s.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

This day is Published, price 10s. 6d.

THE QUIET HEART.

By the Author of "Katie Stewart."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

This day is Published, in crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.,

**INSTITUTES OF METAPHYSIC:
THE THEORY OF KNOWING AND BEING.**

By **JAMES F. FERRIER, A.B., Oxon.**

Professor of Moral Philosophy, St. Andrews.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

This day is Published,

INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK

OF

GEOLOGY.

By **DAVID PAGE, F.G.S.**

With Illustrations engraved on Wood. Price 1s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

On Saturday next will be Published,

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

By **AGNES STRICKLAND.**

CONTAINING THE CONTINUATION OF

THE LIFE OF MARY STUART.

Embellished with a beautifully engraved Portrait of DARNLEY, and an Historical Vignette, price 10s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

NEW AND CHEAP EDITION OF

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L., F.R.S.

Vol. I. DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN. Complete in one vol. Price 5s. 6d. bound in cloth.

" II. and III. TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. Complete in two vols. Price 9s. bound in cloth.

" IV. NOW AND THEN—THE LILY AND THE REE—THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE PRESENT AGE. Complete in one vol. 4s. 6d. bound in cloth.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

This day is published, in a handsome folio volume, price 12s., containing upwards of Six Hundred Wood Engravings.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER,

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.

BY JOHN LEECH.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

On Thursday, the Fourteenth of December, will be published, price Threepence, or Stamped for Post, Fourpence,

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS,

BEING THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS, conducted by CHARLES DICKENS, and containing the amount of One Regular Number and a Half.

Office, 16, WELLINGTON-STREET NORTH, STRAND; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

NEW WORKS

Published by **Ed. and R. Chambers.**

Part XI. for December, price 7d.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ARTS.

RE-ISSUE OF PICTORIAL WORKS.

In Weekly Numbers, price 6d., and in Monthly Parts, price 2s.

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE:

BEING THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS ACCORDING TO THE AUTHORISED VERSION

A NEW and IMPROVED ISSUE. In Four Volumes, Splendidly Illustrated with Steel Engravings, Woodcuts, and Maps.

Number V. and Part II. just issued.

Also in Weekly Numbers, price 6d., and in Monthly Parts, price 2s.

THE

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, CARRIED DOWN TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

A NEW and IMPROVED ISSUE. In Ten Volumes, Illustrated with upwards of 1600 Woodcuts.

Number V. and Part II. just issued.

W. and R. CHAMBERS, 3, Bride's Passage, Fleet-street, London, and 339, High-street, Edinburgh; and sold by all Booksellers.

SEVEN HUNDRED COPIES OF "LORD CARLISLE'S DIARY;" NINE HUNDRED COPIES OF "HEARTSEASE;"

And a proportionate supply of every other recent Work of acknowledged merit or general interest are in circulation at

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

510, NEW OXFORD STREET.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.

FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTION, TWO GUINEAS and upwards, according to the number of Volumes required.

. Prospectuses may be obtained on application.

PARLOUR LIBRARY, Vol. 119, pp. 495, price 2s.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR JASPER CAREW," &c. &c.

. This work, by one of the most popular serial writers of the present day, is now first published in a collected form. "The strangeness of some of the incidents, and the rapidity with which events so remarkable succeeded each other, almost deterred the writer from ever committing them to the press."—"That the chief events related in these pages—such, for instance, as every detail of the French invasion, the capture of Wolfe Tone, and the attack on Monte di Faccio—are rigidly exact, the writer is most sincere in the expression of his conviction."—*Author's Preface.*

On January 1st, Vol. 120, price 1s. 6d.

THE HUNTERS' FEAST;

OR, CONVERSATIONS AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

By **CAPT. MAYNE REID**, Author of the "Rifle Rangers," "Scalp Hunters," &c. &c.

LONDON: THOMAS HODGSON, 13, PATERNOSTER-ROW.